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BEETHOVEN.—[See Page 407.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the third Monthly installment of*

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

It is stated that the story was finished before the First Part was put to press, and that the lamented death of MR. DICKENS *will not delay its publication.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE great story-teller is the personal friend of the world, and when he dies, a shadow falls upon every home in which his works were familiar and his name tenderly cherished. When the news came that DICKENS was dead, it was felt that the one man who was more beloved than any of his contemporaries, by the English speaking race of to-day, was gone. While he yet lay in his own house unburied, the thoughts of the whole civilized world turned solemnly to the silent chamber and gratefully recalled his immense service to mankind. What an amazing fame! What a feeling to inspire! When WALTER SCOTT drew near his end, he said to his son-in-law LOCKHART, as if it were the chief lesson of his accumulated experience—"Be a good man, my dear." Nothing else seemed important then. Charity, patience, love, these he saw in the dawn of heavenly light to be the only true possessions—the sole real successes. And who of all men that ever lived has done more to make men good than CHARLES DICKENS; and what praise so pure as that simple truth could be spoken by his open grave?

Within the last few days the simple story of his life has been read by millions of men and women. Yet nothing could be said of his genius and works that they had not all felt; and it was because they had all felt it that his name was so dear. There was nothing obscure nor remote in his genius. Like BURNS, he touched the universal heart by appealing to the universal experience. When "Pickwick" was first published it seemed for a little while to supplant all other literature. The ostler in the stall and the judge upon the bench, like truant school-boys, left their tasks to enjoy it. Its phrases and quaint terms became the current coin of general conversation. Its characters were at once and forever typical. Its pathos and humor were equally profuse and natural. Like "Pamela," "Joseph Andrews," and "Waverley," "Pickwick" marked a new era in English literature. The great genial genius took the world upon his knee, and it listened delighted to the rollicking tale.

The supremacy which DICKENS achieved at the very first he never lost. He found BULWER, JAMES, and DISRAELI in possession of the field. During the thirty-three years of his career THACKERAY, Miss BRONTE, GEORGE ELIOT, KINGSLEY, CHARLES READE, Mrs. GASKELL, WILKIE COLLINS, Miss MULOCK, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and their contemporaries appeared. Of these only one, THACKERAY, was ever mentioned as contesting the palm with DICKENS. But THACKERAY himself did not contest it. And whatever may be thought of their comparative literary art, whatever superior special pleasure cultivated readers may find in THACKERAY, that great master was always first and most sincere in recognizing with admiration the wonderful opulence of DICKENS's genius, and the profound humanity of his influence.

THACKERAY, indeed, sometimes thought that DICKENS was not quite generous toward him. "It took Mr. DICKENS a great while to discover that I had written a book," said THACKERAY, once, with a smile. But it was a sensitiveness which he felt to be not quite just, and it disappeared long before his own death. They were both humorists, but the difference between them was too absolute to breed misunderstanding. THACKERAY was essentially of a melancholy and artistic temperament, a man of extraordinary insight; and his occasional impatience with the frolic extravagance of so profuse and exuberant a genius as that of DICKENS is easily understood. But the noble and generous words in which these two great contemporaries spoke of each other are universally familiar. And there is one little anecdote, not so well known, which can never be so tenderly recalled as at this moment. When THACKERAY was buried, his friends, and among them the most noted of English authors, carried him to Kensal Green. There had been some estrangement between DICKENS and MARK LEMON, and as the coffin was lowered into its place, DICKENS stood upon one side of the grave and LEMON upon the other. As they raised their heads their eyes met, and instinctively putting out their hands, they clasped them in forgiveness, and their quarrel was buried in the grave of THACKERAY.

The affluence of DICKENS's genius was Shakespearean. He has enriched literature and general experience with more familiar characters, more current felicities of expression, than any other author, except the one greatest of all. Most great poets and novelists are known by a few creations; but those of DICKENS are a host, and his power was never more varied and admirable than in the story of "Edwin Drood," which is now publishing. Indeed, the tale so brims and sparkles with all his characteristic felicity that it seems as if he had resolved to prove that his greater art had not been gained by the least sacrifice of freshness and vigor. Even at the very moment that the cunning hand was suddenly stilled forever, how many thousands of readers in England and America, as they finished the beautiful tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood," were declaring that DICKENS was never so delightful as in his latest work!

And so our friend, the friend of all honest men and women stumbling and struggling in the great battle, suddenly ceases from among us! How much happier for him and for all of us than the sad decline of the good Sir WALTER, whose powers were slowly extinguished, star by star, before the eyes of all men, who therefore could not hear of the end but with a tear of relief. Now we can perceive how prophetic was the feeling of sadness with which we watched DICKENS withdrawing from the platform at his last reading in Steinway Hall. All the evening, as he said, the shadow of one word had impended over us. He had not faltered for a moment; but, strangely, even Pickwick did not seem gay. The feeling of deep and inexpressible affection for the man who had so cheered the weary and fainting hearts of thousands, who had so nobly made his talent ten talents, and who, evidently ill, was now passing from our sight forever, overpowered all other emotion. The vast audience stood cheering and tearful as, gravely bowing, and refusing all assistance, as if in that final moment he wished to confront us alone, the master lingered and lingered, and slowly retired. In that moment, after the long misunderstanding of years between him and this country, and after his wholly manly and generous speech at the Press dinner, our hearts clasped his, as he and MARK LEMON grasped hands over the grave of THACKERAY; and henceforward and for all the future there was to be nothing in American hearts but boundless love and gratitude for CHARLES DICKENS.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

WE write before the debate upon the Cuban question, but whether the majority or the minority report be sustained, a change in our neutrality laws is apparently imminent. The majority report holds that there is a war between Cuba and Spain: that there is a responsible and efficient revolutionary government in Cuba, and that the time has come officially to recognize it as a belligerent. The minority report disagrees with the other as to the facts, asserting that a revolution which has not a capital, nor a sea-port, nor a vessel afloat, and does not really exist beyond the camp except upon paper, is not a government entitled to a formal declaration of neutrality and to a concession of belligerent rights. Such action, moreover, would give Spain rights of stopping and searching our vessels which would be a very serious inconvenience, and might lead to war without any especial advantage to Cuba. The minority report speaks very plainly of the enormous jobbery in the Cuban "sympathy" at New York, which is very anxious that the government should espouse a cause in which the sympathizers do not seem disposed to risk either their property or their persons: and the minority recommend a bill modifying the neutrality laws.

It is a very important recommendation, because it is really a modification of the law of nations. The custom of nations, which is called international law, and which was the work of powers that owned colonies, has hitherto held that the national authority was as supreme in the colony as in the mother country. Thus the authority of Great Britain was to be considered the same in Jamaica as in Kent. Consequently a rebellion in Jamaica was a revolt against the parent power precisely like a rebellion in Yorkshire, and must be treated by other nations accordingly. But in the revolt of the Spanish American colonies fifty years ago it was evident that Spain could arm herself in our ports against the colonies, but not the colonies against Spain; and after a vigorous discussion the Neutrality act of 1818 was passed, which forbade the fitting out of expeditions in our ports against any foreign prince or state, or "any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace." This has been sought to cover the case of the Cuban insurgents. But the Executive Department has, and properly, in view of history and of good international understanding, decided against such an interpretation, because a country can not be said to be separately at peace with any portion of the subjects of a friendly power. One government is "at peace" with another. The United States are at peace with the British government, not with the inhabitants of Kent in England, whether they have revolted against Great Britain or not.

But the minority report proposes that the United States shall except from the general rule the American colonies of European powers. Its bill is, as it says, "an enlargement of the principle known as the Monroe doctrine." Its ground is, "that in all struggles of American colonies against European domination, this government will not stop to inquire as to the extent or power of the revolutionary party; but the fact of an insurrection against the European power shall of itself entitle that insurrection to consideration; so that it shall be unlawful for an American to assist in its suppression." Nothing shall be done "for the European government that it is not lawful to do for the insurrectionary party." The object of neutrality laws is, of course, to secure for the state that adopts them the utmost practicable neutrality between belligerents with whom it is at peace. Our own traditions in this respect are most honorable; nor have we hesitated to modify our laws, upon proper recommendation and proof that they were unfavorable to actual neutrality. This was done in 1817, upon the representation of the Minister of Portugal; and the very words, "colony, district, or people," were introduced into the act of 1818 at the suggestion of the Spanish Minister.

But the act of 1818 contemplates declared belligerents and recognized governments. The present proposition to modify it during a civil war in a friendly state, and not upon the representation of a recognized belligerent or of any other power, of course exposes us to the remonstrance or hostility of the friendly power. Such a change under such circumstances is, in WHEATON's phrase, "a law of favor to one of the belligerent parties." In the present instance it is a change of the law to the disadvantage of Spain, and it is justified in the report by what is called "the American principle," or the "Monroe doctrine." It is, indeed, a general law, applicable to all insurrections in all European-American colonies hereafter. But it is also a particular law affecting existing hostilities, and refusing to Spain the assistance which we have hitherto afforded her in our ports, and granting privileges to the Cuban revolutionary party which it has not enjoyed. It differs from an express recognition of belligerent rights, because it does not expose our commerce to the search of either hostile party. Besides this, the bill is a very loud warning to European proprietors in America that they are unwelcome. It has, therefore, the merit of frankness. It changes the Monroe doctrine from a declamation to a policy. It announces to all European powers that while we will not expel them by force from their American colonies, yet that, by an exceptional neutral policy, we will cripple their efforts to retain them.

It is thus evident that the minority report, which suggests a change of the national policy in favor of revolting American colonies, is a much more radical proposition than that of the majority. The latter suggests no change of the law, but merely asserts that the time has come when an insurgent should be recognized as a belligerent. The minority truly say that their proposition is quite as favorable to the revolutionary party in Cuba as that of the majority, and that it determines the future policy of the government. That it will displease the European powers which still have American colonies is inevitable, because it is a direct encouragement of insurrection against the parent state; nor will they be conciliated by the very evident fact that such a modification of our traditional policy can not be considered unselfish, in view of the national prejudice in favor of annexation. Foreign states will think, and, as experience shows, not without reason, that we modify our laws, and relax the European hold upon the colonies, in order that we may make surer of them for ourselves. If it be the test of patriotism not to care what foreign states think of our policy, the debate is at an end. But if we wish that our policy shall be accepted by other civilized states, we ought to be able to prove, what this report asserts but does not show, that it is for the general welfare that the rightful authority of a power in its colonies should be recognized as essentially different from that authority at home.

WHEAT—ITS TRANSPORTATION TO FOREIGN PORTS.

THE considerable demand for our breadstuffs which has suddenly arisen in England and on the Continent imparts new interest to the question, What portions of the United States have the best means of direct and profitable communication with Europe in this trade? It is, of course, the interest of the foreign importer of our grain to encourage every locality in the United States which can send it cheaply and in good order. The policy which induces English houses engaged in importing grain to extend their operations to every wheat-producing country is applied to the United States in order to excite the most active competition among local sellers. The necessity for exciting this world-wide competition is due to the powerful efforts made in England to compel acquiescence with English limits, as fixed at Mark Lane and Liverpool. Those limits are adjusted on the strength of consular reports of the quantity and value of this produce in every commercial port, from publications made by writers of established reputation, who have access to that source of information, and from the judgment of the houses engaged in that trade as expressed in their mutual intercourse. The necessity for adjusting limits with precision is due to a variety of causes. The expenditure made by the English to foreign countries for food is enormous, perhaps in excess of a hundred millions of pounds sterling. This is expected to be repaid out of the profits of exports; and as the competition in manufactures is exceedingly close, and a vast population is living from hand to mouth, who are obliged to diminish their consumption of food if the price exceeds their scanty means, every advance is opposed with tenacity. In their purchases from the United States they meet a class which practices the liberality which profusion allows, and which wants the protection of a sound currency. With abundant capital on the one side, and the need of it on the other, the steady aim of the English is generally successful. The present moment is one of the occasions, owing to the existence of a Continental demand in this market simultaneously with theirs, when they will be obliged to quit their stubborn ground, and advance their limits.

In this branch of trade our grain dealers located at New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee have derived immense advantage from intercourse with English agents, and particularly in imparting a merchantable quality to the grain which reaches the sea-board. At San Francisco a like service has been performed; but as the crop of wheat in California ripens during the dry season it becomes cured with very little trouble. The English prefer this grain, as its crispness permits its being mixed with their moist wheat with great advantage. The precaution to export it in bags is however practiced, notwithstanding that the climate, in advance of the rainy season, is so favorable to perfect its condition before shipment. To prevent the shifting of cargo at sea is, however, a principal object of their use.

When a train of wheat cars arrives at Milwaukee, each car-load, as all dealers well know, undergoes examination, and is denominated No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, or rejected, according to its condition, and sent to the warehouse which stores wheat of its kind. The owner receives a certificate of storage, which he uses in the market, and which entitles the holder to the quantity and description of grain specified. The purchaser may not receive a single kernel of that which the seller deposited, as it loses its identity, as money does entered in a bank-book. When grain of either description reaches the city of New York the agent here of the foreign house which desires to purchase is obliged to subject it to another examination to see if it can stand the voyage to Liverpool or London. The success of these agents depends wholly on their care in examining wheat, so as to be certain that it will be in good order when it reaches its destination. They ordinarily have exchange to sell, in which they are aided by a reputation for success in previous shipments. The great difficulty results from heating; but if it is allowed to dry *on the farm*, and is not subsequently exposed to moisture, no danger on this score is incurred, as it remains on sailing vessels only about thirty or forty days, and on steamers about fourteen. Experienced shippers at New York require that it shall be placed on board in bins, so that it may not be affected by the odors of the residue of the cargo, or receive other damage. The freedom with which canal loads here were formerly rejected acted upon the inspectors at Milwaukee, and they in turn upon warehousemen in the interior, until the farmer was taught the necessity of marketing his grain cured as thoroughly as his necessities will allow. Frost is an important agency in this service, and is indispensable except when the ripening of wheat occurs under very favorable circumstances and there is no subsequent exposure.

St. Louis and New Orleans are acting together to export this grain to foreign countries; and it will be of advantage to the foreign purchaser if this can be done with safety. At the present time, when railroad stocks are watered with freedom, and freights are advanced to cover the artificial capital, it would be highly beneficial to New York if a thorough and active competition with internal railroad lines for the transportation of breadstuffs could be established by way of the Mississippi. Far from us be the wish to injure this mode of transportation. The Mississippi is one of the great avenues of communication which ought to be made available for the general welfare.

One vessel, which sailed from New Orleans on the 14th of December last, with St. Louis wheat, arrived at Liverpool not until the 17th of March, and delivered her cargo in good order; but this was an exceptional case. Under the same conditions this may always be done, but they have been neglected, to the disadvantage of the trade. Wheat in condition at St. Louis to be sent by railroad to New York might be far from the condition required for sending it by New Orleans. The shipments from St. Louis to Liverpool have generally been on domestic account. The presence of foreign dealers at St. Louis is required to stimulate to the care necessary to success. Whenever it shall be demonstrated that the trade can be conduct-

ed from New Orleans directly with the foreigner with advantage, the latter will establish the agencies at St. Louis which will secure its continuance. The disadvantages which, in the view of English houses, now exist, are the following:

1. They need to import annually from eighty to a hundred million bushels of wheat, and to distribute the importation over every part of the year, which would be impossible from a port supplied only for portions of the year with the article fully cured.

2. The want of activity at New Orleans throughout the whole year in this trade exposes each shipment to being carried in casual vessels, without bins, containing cotton baled at a high temperature, from which damage is received.

3. The frosts of the region in the parallel of latitude of St. Louis occur later than do those of the wheat-growing countries adjacent to Milwaukee and Chicago; and when this agency is required to cure wheat, the latter can not be exported from New Orleans until late in December of the season of its growth.

4. The moisture of the atmosphere around St. Louis is greater than that of Minnesota.

It would strengthen the country immensely, and constitute a provision against a future short crop, if the farmers of the West shall adopt the beneficent habit of holding over a considerable part of their crop of wheat, instead of marketing the whole of it during the season of its growth. If this plan shall be adopted one of the disadvantages of New Orleans as a port of shipment for grain will be remedied, as in that case it would arrive there cured. This would be followed by the use of steam-vessels down the river; by speed in the transfer of cargoes at New Orleans to sea-going vessels, and by the use of steamers in the transportation to England supplied with bins. Perhaps all this may be accomplished in very dry seasons by the use of extraordinary care in handling wheat immediately after its growth. The point to be aimed at is to put the grain in perfect condition before moving it from the farm. This can be accomplished with advantage by no artificial means. Inattention to this has produced a very decided impression among foreign dealers that shipments from St. Louis by way of New Orleans are attended with risk. If this idea is erroneous, the results of recent shipments by an association of public-spirited citizens of St. Louis—to whom great credit is due—can be so presented as to remove the impression, and convince the foreigner that the trade may be safely prosecuted.

PARTY DISCIPLINE.

THE government of every free country must be carried on by parties. Yet experience shows that parties may often be managed by unprincipled men, whom honorable and intelligent citizens can not follow. To desert the party, however, is to surrender the victory to the enemy. What, then, is an honest man to do? This is a question which is often very practical and very perplexing. The mainspring of our political machinery is the primary meeting. Its work is apparently unimportant, and generally disagreeable. But whoever controls the primaries nominates the candidates and dictates the policy of the party. It is the imperative duty, therefore, of every honest voter to attend the primaries. But if he does not, ought he, therefore, as a party man, to countenance and support every thing that is done there by men who are not so honest? If, by his omitting to do his duty, affairs have taken a wrong direction, does it become his duty to help them go wrong? Because, by our neglecting to latch the gate, the cows have come into the garden, shall we take a whip and drive them still farther in? There would seem to be no question of what should be done. But, practically, as we said, there is often very serious perplexity.

A party, if it would be successful and efficient, must be well organized. It must be vigilant, energetic, and united. To secure its useful activity a great deal of disagreeable care of details is indispensable. Every member, therefore, must be held to his allegiance, often when it costs time and trouble, in consideration of the public welfare which is at stake. From the necessity of the case, also, his duty will often seem to lie between repugnant alternatives. At a critical election—and every election in a party system is critical, because, if the dominant party loses its ascendency, demoralization is sure to follow—at a critical election, for instance, the voter finds himself at the polls with the regular nomination in his hand, and the regularly nominated candidate is, in the voter's judgment, a dishonest and doubtful man. To scratch him is to diminish the party chance by one vote. To substitute another name is, effectively, the same as scratching. But to lessen the chance of your own party is to increase that of the other. Yet the success of the other leads to the adoption of a policy which the voter believes to be disastrous to the general welfare. What shall he do? Shall he vote for the "scallawag," whose interest lies in supporting his own party policy, or shall he refuse to vote, upon the presumption that a dishonest man can not be trusted? Yet, again, in politics, is not that an unsound generalization? Are not the "scallawags," as a rule, quite as likely to be steadily faithful to the extreme party policy?

Again, what shall he do? In a speech before the election of General GRANT, Mr. BEECHER was reported to have said that he did not believe that the General was an intemperate man; "but I am free to say," he added, "that if it were so, I had rather have General GRANT drunk than Governor SEYMOUR sober." Shall the party man, the Republican, for instance, go further, and say that he would rather have a Republican knave than an honest Democrat? With the American who says that both parties are equally bad, and all politicians equally corrupt, and that decent men will therefore abstain from politics, there is, of course, no argument. He probably thinks that he says a very wise thing at the moment in which he is conspicuously foolish. For if the government must be managed by party, and both parties are equally bad, the duty of a good citizen is plain enough. It is to fight with corruption.

But the honest party man need not be so sorely perplexed as he often is. Whatever the wind, the stars are undisturbed. There are certain principles which are very clear, and which do not change. One of them is this, that no cause can ever long prosper in corrupt hands. The reason may be that their action will be distrusted, or there may be some other reason; but the essential fact is, that the intelligent and honorable friends of the cause will, under such circumstances, gradually withdraw their support and sympathy. They will feel that the cause is more imperiled by such friends than by open enemies. As practical party men they will prefer to risk the present defeat of the party, with all the demoralization of which we have spoken, rather than disintegration. Their course, therefore, is plain. Recognizing the necessity of parties and the value of organization, they will see that the only condition upon which the best, and therefore the most influential and permanently powerful, members of the party can be retained in the organization is the policy of honesty. Honest candidates must be nominated to sustain honest measures founded upon the party principles; and the only way in which those who do not go to the primaries can influence the action taken there is by refusing to vote for unworthy candidates. If the managers nominate scallawags at the party primary, let the party voters repudiate them at the polls. Defeat is a lesson which party managers can understand. And when, under such circumstances, the party is defeated, it is betrayed not by those who stay away from the primaries, but by those who go; not by those who decline to vote for scallawags, but by those who nominate them.

This is especially true of the Republican party, because it is composed of the great mass of the intelligent and independent voters. "You're not a Democrat," lately said one member of that party to another, "for you scratch the ticket." And to vote for Beelzebub if he be regularly nominated—as he often is!—has long been a cardinal doctrine of that party. But very much of the apathy of the Republican party in the city of New York, for instance, is due to the fact that while many of the candidates are not generally known, those who nominate them are; and it is not believed that their work is honest work. There are, perhaps, a dozen persons most conspicuous in the city committees and meetings who are not trusted by honest Republicans. They manage every thing, and they desire nothing so much as that every sincere Republican shall feel himself bound in honor, and for the sake of the party, to sustain the "regular" party work done by them. Whoever wishes to continue their rule will support their action; and, as we said last week, such men may ruin a party, but they will only be displaced by those who show themselves their masters.

Meanwhile the great body of the Republican party in the State and in the country, which does not concern itself with the details of management and only votes, can serve the party in no way so effectively as by an unsparing repudiation of the work of leaders whom it does not trust. That is the way to secure results which it can enthusiastically support. And to all cries that such a course is injurious to the party, there is one overwhelming reply; namely, that any other course is fatal to the party.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL RAASLÖFF.

THE contemptuous disregard by the Senate of the St. Thomas treaty, which the United States persistently urged upon Denmark, led, as was unavoidable, to the resignation of the Danish Minister of War and of the Navy, General RAASLÖFF, who had been very active in the negotiation. In the speech in which he explained to the Rigsdag the reasons of his resignation, General RAASLÖFF alluded to this country with a dignity and reserve that make his words all the more impressive. He spoke of his long residence here as Minister, and added that he had "formed a very high opinion of the character of the American people. I have learned to appreciate them, and believe them to be honest and high-minded." It was, as he says, his friendly feelings for the United States that caused him to assert confidently that they would faithfully and conscientiously fulfill every obligation which they might have incurred. When difficulties arose here in regard to the ratification, General RAASLÖFF, at the request of his Government, came at once to the United States to explain the Danish view of the negotiation. "It was during that stay in Washington," he says, "that I became fully aware how much I had exposed myself on behalf of the United States......I had gone so far that if the people for whom I had vouched should leave me in the lurch, the blow for me would be very severe, and would be one of those events which take away, at least for a time, a man's vigor and courage, his confidence in himself, as well as a faith in those things which we ought to be able confidently to rely upon."

The retiring Minister, undoubtedly one of the ablest statesmen in his country, says nothing harsher. But we, who have seen our national reputation compromised by this affair, ought to feel all the more deeply his manly dignity, nor permit ourselves to be blinded to the fact that our conduct has warned every nation that it can not safely listen to the diplomatic overtures of the foreign department of our Government.

STRANGERS IN THE GALLERY.

IT is an illustration of the anomalies in the British system, which are so dear to John Bull, that the gallery of the House of Commons is not open to the public. Those who sit there are there solely by sufferance, and if any member calls attention to their presence they must go. But this is very seldom done. The rule is a relic of another theory of the government than that which now prevails. Recently, however, in the debate upon the Contagious Diseases act, Mr. CRAWFORD rose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are strangers in the galleries." There was a loud protest upon the part of the House, and an appeal to him to withdraw his notice. But he would not, and the galleries were cleared of all strangers, including the reporters.

We believe that until now this has not happened for nearly forty years. The last instance that we recall was the famous stroke of O'CONNELL's, which Mr. PHILLIPS tells so well in his lecture. When O'CONNELL came to Parliament the London *Times* ridiculed and travestied his speeches, and, after enduring it for some time, Mr. O'CONNELL said it was shameful that he could not be treated like other gentlemen. The next day the *Times* printed a card from thirteen of its reporters, saying that since Mr. O'CONNELL did not like their reports, they would in future refrain from reporting him. So in the evening, when O'CONNELL rose to speak, the thirteen reporters leaned on their elbows and held up their pencils, as if to show that they were not going to take down the speech. Mr. O'CONNELL remarked quietly, "Mr. Speaker, I observe thirteen strangers in the gallery." The reporters were put out, and there was no report of the debate in the next day's *Times*. Then, for the first time, the London *Times* cried "quarter," and said, "if Mr. O'CONNELL will give up the quarrel, we will."

Mr. PHILLIPS says also that when the *Times* afterward renewed its hostility and ridicule, one of its reporters crossed to Ireland to give an account of the monster meetings. Public feeling was so much exasperated that on one occasion the reporter felt himself in personal peril. But O'CONNELL took him under his care, protected him at breakfast, carried him to the meeting, placed him near him upon the platform, and sent for a table for his accommodation. "All ready?" said O'CONNELL. "Yes," replied the reporter. "Pencils enough for a long speech?" "Oh yes," said the reporter. "Now, then," said O'CONNELL, and turning to the audience he addressed them in Irish.

WILKIE COLLINS.

IT gives us pleasure to announce that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS is writing a dramatic version of his powerful and interesting novel "Man and Wife," for performance in the United States as well as in England. The play will be in four acts—the first three acts closely following the book, and the fourth act containing a new conclusion to the story, invented by the author with a view to stage necessities and dramatic effects. Mr. COLLINS has already appointed an agent to represent him in this country, who will in due time communicate with American managers on the subject. Few novels are more capable of dramatic treatment than this admirable work, so rich in strongly marked characters and situations of exciting interest.

NOTES.

MR. E. JOY MORRIS, of Pennsylvania, our late Minister to Turkey, who returns after a long and honorable service, is worthily succeeded by Mr. WAYNE M'VEAGH, of the same State. It is a most admirable appointment, for Mr. M'VEAGH is a gentleman of the highest character and accomplishment, and of recognized ability. He is a lawyer by profession, and of great political experience and sagacity. He was Chairman of the Republican Committee during some of the most critical periods of the rebellion. Mr. M'VEAGH is well added to the ranks of a service which includes Mr. MOTLEY, Mr. MARSH, Mr. JAY, Mr. BANCROFT, and Mr. WASHBURN; a service which, as a whole, was never more worthily and honorably filled than under President GRANT's Administration.

WE are very glad that Mr. WILLARD's bill, granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of 1812 that survive, and to the widows of those that are dead, has passed the House, and we trust that there may be no delay in the Senate. There have been constant petitions from the taxpayers for such a bill, and it should have become a law long ago. There are not many of this old guard, and we have had ample experience of the value of such services. There has seemed to be recently a culpable indifference to the claims of the soldiers and sailors, a willingness to be severe, even to harshness; and we therefore remark with pleasure the generous spirit that animated the little debate upon this proposition, and the promptness with which it was adopted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 6.—In the Senate, Mr. Stewart introduced a bill to prohibit contracts for servile labor, explaining that the bill was intended to apply to Chinese immigrants.—In the House, the bill to reduce taxation was passed.

June 7.—In the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was debated. An amendment to remove the Osage Indians in Kansas, and provide for the sale of their reservation to actual settlers, was rejected.—The House was occupied with the Currency bill, but no vote was taken.

June 8.—There was an interesting debate in the Senate on the San Domingo treaty. A memorial from Mr. Hatch was presented, setting forth that his rights as an American citizen had been violated by the Dominican authorities in unjustifiably arresting, imprisoning, and sentencing him to death; and that his release had been prevented by General Babcock. Mr. Ferry, who presented the memorial, asserted that General Babcock had stated that the imprisonment of Mr. Hatch was necessary to prevent him from divulging objections to the ratification of the San Domingo treaty, and moved the reference of the matter to the Committee on Foreign Relations, with instructions to send for persons and papers. Objection being made to referring to that Committee, a protracted debate ensued, and the memorial was referred to a special committee. The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, and the amendment for the removal of the Osage Indians from Kansas was agreed to.—In the House, the consideration of the Currency bill was resumed. Some amendments were offered, when Mr. Eldridge, for the purpose of killing the bill for the session, moved to adjourn. The motion prevailed, 79 to 75. The effect is to carry the bill to the bottom of the list on the Speaker's table, which is its virtual defeat, as it can not again be reached before the day of adjournment.

June 9.—In the Senate, the bills to abolish the franking privilege and to apportion Representatives in Congress among the several States were debated, without final action being taken. The latter bill increases the number of Representatives from 275 to 300, whereby no State will lose its present representation.—In the House, a bill to punish unlawful certification of national bank checks was reported and passed. It imposes a fine of not more than $5000 and imprisonment for not more than five years. Mr. Garfield reported back the Senate bill to provide a national currency of coin notes, with a substitute consisting of the ninety-five millions currency bill, with the funding and some other sections stricken out. The opposition succeeded in defeating action on the bill, and at the expiration of the morning hour it went over until Tuesday. A Naturalization bill was reported by the Judiciary Committee. It reduces the period of residence to three years, and provides for proceedings for naturalization to be taken in United States courts.

June 10.—The Senate was engaged in discussing the bill to abolish the franking privilege. Mr. Sumner, in the course of a speech against the bill, advocated a reduction in letter postage to one cent. Such a rate, he said, would be so near free postage for all that it might be considered such practically.—A scene was occasioned in the House by the arrest and arraignment of a newspaper correspondent charged with a libelous attack on Mr. Fitch, of Nevada. The Naturalization bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee.

June 11.—In the Senate, an appropriation of $50,000 was passed for the expenses of the Indian delegation now at Washington.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked leave, which was refused, to introduce a bill repealing the Tenure-of-Office act. The Senate amendment to the Appropriation bill, placing female clerks in the departments on the same footing as male clerks in respect to pay, was adopted.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

William Gilmore Simms, the Southern novelist, died at the residence of his son-in-law, in Charleston, South Carolina, on Saturday, June 11, aged sixty-four years.

The Vermont Constitutional Convention, on Saturday, June 11, rejected the proposition to give the ballot to woman by a vote of 1 to 231.

A Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) dispatch says the recent rains have caused high floods in the north and west branches of the Susquehanna River, sweeping away large quantities of timber. It is estimated that 10,000,000 feet have floated off.

The election in Oregon has gone Democratic by about 400 majority. This insures the election of a Democratic United States Senator from that State.

The Cuban privateer *Hornet*, under seizure at Wilmington, North Carolina, since last fall, has been released, by order of the President, to the original purchaser from the United States, Mr. Fernando Macia, who gives bonds amounting to $50,000 that she shall not engage in hostilities against Spain, or otherwise violate the neutrality laws of the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON Sunday, June 5, a terrible conflagration broke out in Constantinople, in the course of which over 7000 buildings were consumed. The losses are represented to be frightful. Whole families were hemmed in by the flames at some points, and perished in view of the spectators, who were unable to afford the slightest aid. The people in other localities were seized with a panic, and lost all capacity to save themselves, and others in despair made no effort. Some of the Turks, under the influence of fatalism, shut themselves in their burning houses, and refused to be rescued. The dead are ascertained to be 250. The French Empress has sent 10,000 francs to Constantinople for the relief of the sufferers.

It is reported that Mr. Disraeli is to be raised to the peerage.

Count Bismarck's health is still quite delicate, and his physicians have ordered him to rest from all work, and recommend a trip to England.

It is reported that Mr. Carlyle is about to make a visit to this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the third Monthly installment of*

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

It is stated that the story was finished before the First Part was put to press, and that the lamented death of MR. DICKENS *will not delay its publication.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE great story-teller is the personal friend of the world, and when he dies, a shadow falls upon every home in which his works were familiar and his name tenderly cherished. When the news came that DICKENS was dead, it was felt that the one man who was more beloved than any of his contemporaries, by the English speaking race of to-day, was gone. While he yet lay in his own house unburied, the thoughts of the whole civilized world turned solemnly to the silent chamber and gratefully recalled his immense service to mankind. What an amazing fame! What a feeling to inspire! When WALTER SCOTT drew near his end, he said to his son-in-law LOCKHART, as if it were the chief lesson of his accumulated experience—"Be a good man, my dear." Nothing else seemed important then. Charity, patience, love, these he saw in the dawn of heavenly light to be the only true possessions—the sole real successes. And who of all men that ever lived has done more to make men good than CHARLES DICKENS; and what praise so pure as that simple truth could be spoken by his open grave?

Within the last few days the simple story of his life has been read by millions of men and women. Yet nothing could be said of his genius and works that they had not all felt; and it was because they had all felt it that his name was so dear. There was nothing obscure nor remote in his genius. Like BURNS, he touched the universal heart by appealing to the universal experience. When "Pickwick" was first published it seemed for a little while to supplant all other literature. The ostler in the stall and the judge upon the bench, like truant school-boys, left their tasks to enjoy it. Its phrases and quaint terms became the current coin of general conversation. Its characters were at once and forever typical. Its pathos and humor were equally profuse and natural. Like "Pamela," "Joseph Andrews," and "Waverley," "Pickwick" marked a new era in English literature. The great genial genius took the world upon his knee, and it listened delighted to the rollicking tale.

The supremacy which DICKENS achieved at the very first he never lost. He found BULWER, JAMES, and DISRAELI in possession of the field. During the thirty-three years of his career THACKERAY, Miss BRONTE, GEORGE ELIOT, KINGSLEY, CHARLES READE, Mrs. GASKELL, WILKIE COLLINS, Miss MULOCK, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and their contemporaries appeared. Of these only one, THACKERAY, was ever mentioned as contesting the palm with DICKENS. But THACKERAY himself did not contest it. And whatever may be thought of their comparative literary art, whatever superior special pleasure cultivated readers may find in THACKERAY, that great master was always first and most sincere in recognizing with admiration the wonderful opulence of DICKENS's genius, and the profound humanity of his influence.

THACKERAY, indeed, sometimes thought that DICKENS was not quite generous toward him. "It took Mr. DICKENS a great while to discover that I had written a book," said THACKERAY, once, with a smile. But it was a sensitiveness which he felt to be not quite just, and it disappeared long before his own death. They were both humorists, but the difference between them was too absolute to breed misunderstanding. THACKERAY was essentially of a melancholy and artistic temperament, a man of extraordinary insight; and his occasional impatience with the frolic extravagance of so profuse and exuberant a genius as that of DICKENS is easily understood. But the noble and generous words in which these two great contemporaries spoke of each other are universally familiar. And there is one little anecdote, not so well known, which can never be so tenderly recalled as at this moment. When THACKERAY was buried, his friends, and among them the most noted of English authors, carried him to Kensal Green. There had been some estrangement between DICKENS and MARK LEMON, and as the coffin was lowered into its place, DICKENS stood upon one side of the grave and LEMON upon the other. As they raised their heads their eyes met, and instinctively putting out their hands, they clasped them in forgiveness, and their quarrel was buried in the grave of THACKERAY.

The affluence of DICKENS's genius was Shakespearean. He has enriched literature and general experience with more familiar characters, more current felicities of expression, than any other author, except the one greatest of all. Most great poets and novelists are known by a few creations; but those of DICKENS are a host, and his power was never more varied and admirable than in the story of "Edwin Drood," which is now publishing. Indeed, the tale so brims and sparkles with all his characteristic felicity that it seems as if he had resolved to prove that his greater art had not been gained by the least sacrifice of freshness and vigor. Even at the very moment that the cunning hand was suddenly stilled forever, how many thousands of readers in England and America, as they finished the beautiful tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood," were declaring that DICKENS was never so delightful as in his latest work!

And so our friend, the friend of all honest men and women stumbling and struggling in the great battle, suddenly ceases from among us! How much happier for him and for all of us than the sad decline of the good Sir WALTER, whose powers were slowly extinguished, star by star, before the eyes of all men, who therefore could not hear of the end but with a tear of relief. Now we can perceive how prophetic was the feeling of sadness with which we watched DICKENS withdrawing from the platform at his last reading in Steinway Hall. All the evening, as he said, the shadow of one word had impended over us. He had not faltered for a moment; but, strangely, even Pickwick did not seem gay. The feeling of deep and inexpressible affection for the man who had so cheered the weary and fainting hearts of thousands, who had so nobly made his talent ten talents, and who, evidently ill, was now passing from our sight forever, overpowered all other emotion. The vast audience stood cheering and tearful as, gravely bowing, and refusing all assistance, as if in that final moment he wished to confront us alone, the master lingered and lingered, and slowly retired. In that moment, after the long misunderstanding of years between him and this country, and after his wholly manly and generous speech at the Press dinner, our hearts clasped his, as he and MARK LEMON grasped hands over the grave of THACKERAY; and henceforward and for all the future there was to be nothing in American hearts but boundless love and gratitude for CHARLES DICKENS.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

WE write before the debate upon the Cuban question, but whether the majority or the minority report be sustained, a change in our neutrality laws is apparently imminent. The majority report holds that there is a war between Cuba and Spain: that there is a responsible and efficient revolutionary government in Cuba, and that the time has come officially to recognize it as a belligerent. The minority report disagrees with the other as to the facts, asserting that a revolution which has not a capital, nor a sea-port, nor a vessel afloat, and does not really exist beyond the camp except upon paper, is not a government entitled to a formal declaration of neutrality and to a concession of belligerent rights. Such action, moreover, would give Spain rights of stopping and searching our vessels which would be a very serious inconvenience, and might lead to war without any especial advantage to Cuba. The minority report speaks very plainly of the enormous jobbery in the Cuban "sympathy" at New York, which is very anxious that the government should espouse a cause in which the sympathizers do not seem disposed to risk either their property or their persons: and the minority recommend a bill modifying the neutrality laws.

It is a very important recommendation, because it is really a modification of the law of nations. The custom of nations, which is called international law, and which was the work of powers that owned colonies, has hitherto held that the national authority was as supreme in the colony as in the mother country. Thus the authority of Great Britain was to be considered the same in Jamaica as in Kent. Consequently a rebellion in Jamaica was a revolt against the parent power precisely like a rebellion in Yorkshire, and must be treated by other nations accordingly. But in the revolt of the Spanish American colonies fifty years ago it was evident that Spain could arm herself in our ports against the colonies, but not the colonies against Spain; and after a vigorous discussion the Neutrality act of 1818 was passed, which forbade the fitting out of expeditions in our ports against any foreign prince or state, or "any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace." This has been sought to cover the case of the Cuban insurgents. But the Executive Department has, and properly, in view of history and of good international understanding, decided against such an interpretation, because a country can not be said to be separately at peace with any portion of the subjects of a friendly power. One government is "at peace" with another. The United States are at peace with the British government, not with the inhabitants of Kent in England, whether they have revolted against Great Britain or not.

But the minority report proposes that the United States shall except from the general rule the American colonies of European powers. Its bill is, as it says, "an enlargement of the principle known as the Monroe doctrine." Its ground is, "that in all struggles of American colonies against European domination, this government will not stop to inquire as to the extent or power of the revolutionary party; but the fact of an insurrection against the European power shall of itself entitle that insurrection to consideration; so that it shall be unlawful for an American to assist in its suppression." Nothing shall be done "for the European government that it is not lawful to do for the insurrectionary party." The object of neutrality laws is, of course, to secure for the state that adopts them the utmost practicable neutrality between belligerents with whom it is at peace. Our own traditions in this respect are most honorable; nor have we hesitated to modify our laws, upon proper recommendation and proof that they were unfavorable to actual neutrality. This was done in 1817, upon the representation of the Minister of Portugal; and the very words, "colony, district, or people," were introduced into the act of 1818 at the suggestion of the Spanish Minister.

But the act of 1818 contemplates declared belligerents and recognized governments. The present proposition to modify it during a civil war in a friendly state, and not upon the representation of a recognized belligerent or of any other power, of course exposes us to the remonstrance or hostility of the friendly power. Such a change under such circumstances is, in WHEATON's phrase, "a law of favor to one of the belligerent parties." In the present instance it is a change of the law to the disadvantage of Spain, and it is justified in the report by what is called "the American principle," or the "Monroe doctrine." It is, indeed, a general law, applicable to all insurrections in all European-American colonies hereafter. But it is also a particular law affecting existing hostilities, and refusing to Spain the assistance which we have hitherto afforded her in our ports, and granting privileges to the Cuban revolutionary party which it has not enjoyed. It differs from an express recognition of belligerent rights, because it does not expose our commerce to the search of either hostile party. Besides this, the bill is a very loud warning to European proprietors in America that they are unwelcome. It has, therefore, the merit of frankness. It changes the Monroe doctrine from a declamation to a policy. It announces to all European powers that while we will not expel them by force from their American colonies, yet that, by an exceptional neutral policy, we will cripple their efforts to retain them.

It is thus evident that the minority report, which suggests a change of the national policy in favor of revolting American colonies, is a much more radical proposition than that of the majority. The latter suggests no change of the law, but merely asserts that the time has come when an insurgent should be recognized as a belligerent. The minority truly say that their proposition is quite as favorable to the revolutionary party in Cuba as that of the majority, and that it determines the future policy of the government. That it will displease the European powers which still have American colonies is inevitable, because it is a direct encouragement of insurrection against the parent state; nor will they be conciliated by the very evident fact that such a modification of our traditional policy can not be considered unselfish, in view of the national prejudice in favor of annexation. Foreign states will think, and, as experience shows, not without reason, that we modify our laws, and relax the European hold upon the colonies, in order that we may make surer of them for ourselves. If it be the test of patriotism not to care what foreign states think of our policy, the debate is at an end. But if we wish that our policy shall be accepted by other civilized states, we ought to be able to prove, what this report asserts but does not show, that it is for the general welfare that the rightful authority of a power in its colonies should be recognized as essentially different from that authority at home.

WHEAT—ITS TRANSPORTATION TO FOREIGN PORTS.

THE considerable demand for our breadstuffs which has suddenly arisen in England and on the Continent imparts new interest to the question, What portions of the United States have the best means of direct and profitable communication with Europe in this trade? It is, of course, the interest of the foreign importer of our grain to encourage every locality in the United States which can send it cheaply and in good order. The policy which induces English houses engaged in importing grain to extend their operations to every wheat-producing country is applied to the United States in order to excite the most active competition among local sellers. The necessity for exciting this world-wide competition is due to the powerful efforts made in England to compel acquiescence with English limits, as fixed at Mark Lane and Liverpool. Those limits are adjusted on the strength of consular reports of the quantity and value of this produce in every commercial port, from publications made by writers of established reputation, who have access to that source of information, and from the judgment of the houses engaged in that trade as expressed in their mutual intercourse. The necessity for adjusting limits with precision is due to a variety of causes. The expenditure made by the English to foreign countries for food is enormous, perhaps in excess of a hundred millions of pounds sterling. This is expected to be repaid out of the profits of exports; and as the competition in manufactures is exceedingly close, and a vast population is living from hand to mouth, who are obliged to diminish their consumption of food if the price exceeds their scanty means, every advance is opposed with tenacity. In their purchases from the United States they meet a class which practices the liberality which profusion allows, and which wants the protection of a sound currency. With abundant capital on the one side, and the need of it on the other, the steady aim of the English is generally successful. The present moment is one of the occasions, owing to the existence of a Continental demand in this market simultaneously with theirs, when they will be obliged to quit their stubborn ground, and advance their limits.

In this branch of trade our grain dealers located at New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee have derived immense advantage from intercourse with English agents, and particularly in imparting a merchantable quality to the grain which reaches the sea-board. At San Francisco a like service has been performed; but as the crop of wheat in California ripens during the dry season it becomes cured with very little trouble. The English prefer this grain, as its crispness permits its being mixed with their moist wheat with great advantage. The precaution to export it in bags is however practiced, notwithstanding that the climate, in advance of the rainy season, is so favorable to perfect its condition before shipment. To prevent the shifting of cargo at sea is, however, a principal object of their use.

When a train of wheat cars arrives at Milwaukee, each car-load, as all dealers well know, undergoes examination, and is denominated No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, or rejected, according to its condition, and sent to the warehouse which stores wheat of its kind. The owner receives a certificate of storage, which he uses in the market, and which entitles the holder to the quantity and description of grain specified. The purchaser may not receive a single kernel of that which the seller deposited, as it loses its identity, as money does entered in a bank-book. When grain of either description reaches the city of New York the agent here of the foreign house which desires to purchase is obliged to subject it to another examination to see if it can stand the voyage to Liverpool or London. The success of these agents depends wholly on their care in examining wheat, so as to be certain that it will be in good order when it reaches its destination. They ordinarily have exchange to sell, in which they are aided by a reputation for success in previous shipments. The great difficulty results from heating; but if it is allowed to dry *on the farm*, and is not subsequently exposed to moisture, no danger on this score is incurred, as it remains on sailing vessels only about thirty or forty days, and on steamers about fourteen. Experienced shippers at New York require that it shall be placed on board in bins, so that it may not be affected by the odors of the residue of the cargo, or receive other damage. The freedom with which canal loads here were formerly rejected acted upon the inspectors at Milwaukee, and they in turn upon warehousemen in the interior, until the farmer was taught the necessity of marketing his grain cured as thoroughly as his necessities will allow. Frost is an important agency in this service, and is indispensable except when the ripening of wheat occurs under very favorable circumstances and there is no subsequent exposure.

St. Louis and New Orleans are acting together to export this grain to foreign countries; and it will be of advantage to the foreign purchaser if this can be done with safety. At the present time, when railroad stocks are watered with freedom, and freights are advanced to cover the artificial capital, it would be highly beneficial to New York if a thorough and active competition with internal railroad lines for the transportation of breadstuffs could be established by way of the Mississippi. Far from us be the wish to injure this mode of transportation. The Mississippi is one of the great avenues of communication which ought to be made available for the general welfare.

One vessel, which sailed from New Orleans on the 14th of December last, with St. Louis wheat, arrived at Liverpool not until the 17th of March, and delivered her cargo in good order; but this was an exceptional case. Under the same conditions this may always be done, but they have been neglected, to the disadvantage of the trade. Wheat in condition at St. Louis to be sent by railroad to New York might be far from the condition required for sending it by New Orleans. The shipments from St. Louis to Liverpool have generally been on domestic account. The presence of foreign dealers at St. Louis is required to stimulate to the care necessary to success. Whenever it shall be demonstrated that the trade can be conduct-

ed from New Orleans directly with the foreigner with advantage, the latter will establish the agencies at St. Louis which will secure its continuance. The disadvantages which, in the view of English houses, now exist, are the following:

1. They need to import annually from eighty to a hundred million bushels of wheat, and to distribute the importation over every part of the year, which would be impossible from a port supplied only for portions of the year with the article fully cured.

2. The want of activity at New Orleans throughout the whole year in this trade exposes each shipment to being carried in casual vessels, without bins, containing cotton baled at a high temperature, from which damage is received.

3. The frosts of the region in the parallel of latitude of St. Louis occur later than do those of the wheat-growing countries adjacent to Milwaukee and Chicago; and when this agency is required to cure wheat, the latter can not be exported from New Orleans until late in December of the season of its growth.

4. The moisture of the atmosphere around St. Louis is greater than that of Minnesota.

It would strengthen the country immensely, and constitute a provision against a future short crop, if the farmers of the West shall adopt the beneficent habit of holding over a considerable part of their crop of wheat, instead of marketing the whole of it during the season of its growth. If this plan shall be adopted one of the disadvantages of New Orleans as a port of shipment for grain will be remedied, as in that case it would arrive there cured. This would be followed by the use of steam-vessels down the river; by speed in the transfer of cargoes at New Orleans to sea-going vessels, and by the use of steamers in the transportation to England supplied with bins. Perhaps all this may be accomplished in very dry seasons by the use of extraordinary care in handling wheat immediately after its growth. The point to be aimed at is to put the grain in perfect condition before moving it from the farm. This can be accomplished with advantage by no artificial means. Inattention to this has produced a very decided impression among foreign dealers that shipments from St. Louis by way of New Orleans are attended with risk. If this idea is erroneous, the results of recent shipments by an association of public-spirited citizens of St. Louis—to whom great credit is due—can be so presented as to remove the impression, and convince the foreigner that the trade may be safely prosecuted.

PARTY DISCIPLINE.

The government of every free country must be carried on by parties. Yet experience shows that parties may often be managed by unprincipled men, whom honorable and intelligent citizens can not follow. To desert the party, however, is to surrender the victory to the enemy. What, then, is an honest man to do? This is a question which is often very practical and very perplexing. The mainspring of our political machinery is the primary meeting. Its work is apparently unimportant, and generally disagreeable. But whoever controls the primaries nominates the candidates and dictates the policy of the party. It is the imperative duty, therefore, of every honest voter to attend the primaries. But if he does not, ought he, therefore, as a party man, to countenance and support every thing that is done there by men who are not so honest? If, by his omitting to do his duty, affairs have taken a wrong direction, does it become his duty to help them go wrong? Because, by our neglecting to latch the gate, the cows have come into the garden, shall we take a whip and drive them still farther in? There would seem to be no question of what should be done. But, practically, as we said, there is often very serious perplexity.

A party, if it would be successful and efficient, must be well organized. It must be vigilant, energetic, and united. To secure its useful activity a great deal of disagreeable care of details is indispensable. Every member, therefore, must be held to his allegiance, often when it costs time and trouble, in consideration of the public welfare which is at stake. From the necessity of the case, also, his duty will often seem to lie between repugnant alternatives. At a critical election—and every election in a party system is critical, because, if the dominant party loses its ascendency, demoralization is sure to follow—at a critical election, for instance, the voter finds himself at the polls with the regular nomination in his hand, and the regularly nominated candidate is, in the voter's judgment, a dishonest and doubtful man. To scratch him is to diminish the party chance by one vote. To substitute another name is, effectively, the same as scratching. But to lessen the chance of your own party is to increase that of the other. Yet the success of the other leads to the adoption of a policy which the voter believes to be disastrous to the general welfare. What shall he do? Shall he vote for the "scallawag," whose interest lies in supporting his own party policy, or shall he refuse to vote, upon the presumption that a dishonest man can not be trusted? Yet, again, in politics, is not that an unsound generalization? Are not the "scallawags," as a rule, quite as likely to be steadily faithful to the extreme party policy?

Again, what shall he do? In a speech before the election of General Grant, Mr. Beecher was reported to have said that he did not believe that the General was an intemperate man; "but I am free to say," he added, "that if it were so, I had rather have General Grant drunk than Governor Seymour sober." Shall the party man, the Republican, for instance, go further, and say that he would rather have a Republican knave than an honest Democrat? With the American who says that both parties are equally bad, and all politicians equally corrupt, and that decent men will therefore abstain from politics, there is, of course, no argument. He probably thinks that he says a very wise thing at the moment in which he is conspicuously foolish. For if the government must be managed by party, and both parties are equally bad, the duty of a good citizen is plain enough. It is to fight with corruption.

But the honest party man need not be so sorely perplexed as he often is. Whatever the wind, the stars are undisturbed. There are certain principles which are very clear, and which do not change. One of them is this, that no cause can ever long prosper in corrupt hands. The reason may be that their action will be distrusted, or there may be some other reason; but the essential fact is, that the intelligent and honorable friends of the cause will, under such circumstances, gradually withdraw their support and sympathy. They will feel that the cause is more imperiled by such friends than by open enemies. As practical party men they will prefer to risk the present defeat of the party, with all the demoralization of which we have spoken, rather than disintegration. Their course, therefore, is plain. Recognizing the necessity of parties and the value of organization, they will see that the only condition upon which the best, and therefore the most influential and permanently powerful, members of the party can be retained in the organization is the policy of honesty. Honest candidates must be nominated to sustain honest measures founded upon the party principles; and the only way in which those who do not go to the primaries can influence the action taken there is by refusing to vote for unworthy candidates. If the managers nominate scallawags at the party primary, let the party voters repudiate them at the polls. Defeat is a lesson which party managers can understand. And when, under such circumstances, the party is defeated, it is betrayed not by those who stay away from the primaries, but by those who go; not by those who decline to vote for scallawags, but by those who nominate them.

This is especially true of the Republican party, because it is composed of the great mass of the intelligent and independent voters. "You're not a Democrat," lately said one member of that party to another, "for you scratch the ticket." And to vote for Beelzebub if he be regularly nominated—as he often is!—has long been a cardinal doctrine of that party. But very much of the apathy of the Republican party in the city of New York, for instance, is due to the fact that while many of the candidates are not generally known, those who nominate them are; and it is not believed that their work is honest work. There are, perhaps, a dozen persons most conspicuous in the city committees and meetings who are not trusted by honest Republicans. They manage every thing, and they desire nothing so much as that every sincere Republican shall feel himself bound in honor, and for the sake of the party, to sustain the "regular" party work done by them. Whoever wishes to continue their rule will support their action; and, as we said last week, such men may ruin a party, but they will only be displaced by those who show themselves their masters.

Meanwhile the great body of the Republican party in the State and in the country, which does not concern itself with the details of management and only votes, can serve the party in no way so effectively as by an unsparing repudiation of the work of leaders whom it does not trust. That is the way to secure results which it can enthusiastically support. And to all cries that such a course is injurious to the party, there is one overwhelming reply; namely, that any other course is fatal to the party.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL RAASLÖFF.

The contemptuous disregard by the Senate of the St. Thomas treaty, which the United States persistently urged upon Denmark, led, as was unavoidable, to the resignation of the Danish Minister of War and of the Navy, General Raaslöff, who had been very active in the negotiation. In the speech in which he explained to the Rigsdag the reasons of his resignation, General Raaslöff alluded to this country with a dignity and reserve that make his words all the more impressive. He spoke of his long residence here as Minister, and added that he had "formed a very high opinion of the character of the American people. I have learned to appreciate them, and believe them to be honest and high-minded." It was, as he says, his friendly feelings for the United States that caused him to assert confidently that they would faithfully and conscientiously fulfill every obligation which they might have incurred. When difficulties arose here in regard to the ratification, General Raaslöff, at the request of his Government, came at once to the United States to explain the Danish view of the negotiation. "It was during that stay in Washington," he says, "that I became fully aware how much I had exposed myself on behalf of the United States......I had gone so far that if the people for whom I had vouched should leave me in the lurch, the blow for me would be very severe, and would be one of those events which take away, at least for a time, a man's vigor and courage, his confidence in himself, as well as a faith in those things which we ought to be able confidently to rely upon."

The retiring Minister, undoubtedly one of the ablest statesmen in his country, says nothing harsher. But we, who have seen our national reputation compromised by this affair, ought to feel all the more deeply his manly dignity, nor permit ourselves to be blinded to the fact that our conduct has warned every nation that it can not safely listen to the diplomatic overtures of the foreign department of our Government.

STRANGERS IN THE GALLERY.

It is an illustration of the anomalies in the British system, which are so dear to John Bull, that the gallery of the House of Commons is not open to the public. Those who sit there are there solely by sufferance, and if any member calls attention to their presence they must go. But this is very seldom done. The rule is a relic of another theory of the government than that which now prevails. Recently, however, in the debate upon the Contagious Diseases act, Mr. Crawford rose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are strangers in the galleries." There was a loud protest upon the part of the House, and an appeal to him to withdraw his notice. But he would not, and the galleries were cleared of all strangers, including the reporters.

We believe that until now this has not happened for nearly forty years. The last instance that we recall was the famous stroke of O'Connell's, which Mr. Phillips tells so well in his lecture. When O'Connell came to Parliament the London *Times* ridiculed and travestied his speeches, and, after enduring it for some time, Mr. O'Connell said it was shameful that he could not be treated like other gentlemen. The next day the *Times* printed a card from thirteen of its reporters, saying that since Mr. O'Connell did not like their reports, they would in future refrain from reporting him. So in the evening, when O'Connell rose to speak, the thirteen reporters leaned on their elbows and held up their pencils, as if to show that they were not going to take down the speech. Mr. O'Connell remarked quietly, "Mr. Speaker, I observe thirteen strangers in the gallery." The reporters were put out, and there was no report of the debate in the next day's *Times*. Then, for the first time, the London *Times* cried "quarter," and said, "if Mr. O'Connell will give up the quarrel, we will."

Mr. Phillips says also that when the *Times* afterward renewed its hostility and ridicule, one of its reporters crossed to Ireland to give an account of the monster meetings. Public feeling was so much exasperated that on one occasion the reporter felt himself in personal peril. But O'Connell took him under his care, protected him at breakfast, carried him to the meeting, placed him near him upon the platform, and sent for a table for his accommodation. "All ready?" said O'Connell. "Yes," replied the reporter. "Pencils enough for a long speech?" "Oh yes," said the reporter. "Now, then," said O'Connell, and turning to the audience he addressed them in Irish.

WILKIE COLLINS.

It gives us pleasure to announce that Mr. Wilkie Collins is writing a dramatic version of his powerful and interesting novel "Man and Wife," for performance in the United States as well as in England. The play will be in four acts—the first three acts closely following the book, and the fourth act containing a new conclusion to the story, invented by the author with a view to stage necessities and dramatic effects. Mr. Collins has already appointed an agent to represent him in this country, who will in due time communicate with American managers on the subject. Few novels are more capable of dramatic treatment than this admirable work, so rich in strongly marked characters and situations of exciting interest.

NOTES.

Mr. E. Joy Morris, of Pennsylvania, our late Minister to Turkey, who returns after a long and honorable service, is worthily succeeded by Mr. Wayne M'Veagh, of the same State. It is a most admirable appointment, for Mr. M'Veagh is a gentleman of the highest character and accomplishment, and of recognized ability. He is a lawyer by profession, and of great political experience and sagacity. He was Chairman of the Republican Committee during some of the most critical periods of the rebellion. Mr. M'Veagh is well added to the ranks of a service which includes Mr. Motley, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Jay, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Washburn; a service which, as a whole, was never more worthily and honorably filled than under President Grant's Administration.

We are very glad that Mr. Willard's bill, granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of 1812 that survive, and to the widows of those that are dead, has passed the House, and we trust that there may be no delay in the Senate. There have been constant petitions from the taxpayers for such a bill, and it should have become a law long ago. There are not many of this old guard, and we have had ample experience of the value of such services. There has seemed to be recently a culpable indifference to the claims of the soldiers and sailors, a willingness to be severe, even to harshness; and we therefore remark with pleasure the generous spirit that animated the little debate upon this proposition, and the promptness with which it was adopted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 6.—In the Senate, Mr. Stewart introduced a bill to prohibit contracts for servile labor, explaining that the bill was intended to apply to Chinese immigrants.—In the House, the bill to reduce taxation was passed.

June 7.—In the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was debated. An amendment to remove the Osage Indians in Kansas, and provide for the sale of their reservation to actual settlers, was rejected.—The House was occupied with the Currency bill, but no vote was taken.

June 8.—There was an interesting debate in the Senate on the San Domingo treaty. A memorial from Mr. Hatch was presented, setting forth that his rights as an American citizen had been violated by the Dominican authorities in unjustifiably arresting, imprisoning, and sentencing him to death; and that his release had been prevented by General Babcock. Mr. Ferry, who presented the memorial, asserted that General Babcock had stated that the imprisonment of Mr. Hatch was necessary to prevent him from divulging objections to the ratification of the San Domingo treaty, and moved the reference of the matter to the Committee on Foreign Relations, with instructions to send for persons and papers. Objection being made to referring to that Committee, a protracted debate ensued, and the memorial was referred to a special committee. The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, and the amendment for the removal of the Osage Indians from Kansas was agreed to.—In the House, the consideration of the Currency bill was resumed. Some amendments were offered, when Mr. Eldridge, for the purpose of killing the bill for the session, moved to adjourn. The motion prevailed, 79 to 75. The effect is to carry the bill to the bottom of the list on the Speaker's table, which is its virtual defeat, as it can not again be reached before the day of adjournment.

June 9.—In the Senate, the bills to abolish the franking privilege and to apportion Representatives in Congress among the several States were debated, without final action being taken. The latter bill increases the number of Representatives from 275 to 300, whereby no State will lose its present representation.—In the House, a bill to punish unlawful certification of national bank checks was reported and passed. It imposes a fine of not more than $5000 and imprisonment for not more than five years. Mr. Garfield reported back the Senate bill to provide a national currency of coin notes, with a substitute consisting of the ninety-five millions currency bill, with the funding and some other sections stricken out. The opposition succeeded in defeating action on the bill, and at the expiration of the morning hour it went over until Tuesday. A Naturalization bill was reported by the Judiciary Committee. It reduces the period of residence to three years, and provides for proceedings for naturalization to be taken in United States courts.

June 10.—The Senate was engaged in discussing the bill to abolish the franking privilege. Mr. Sumner, in the course of a speech against the bill, advocated a reduction in letter postage to one cent. Such a rate, he said, would be so near free postage for all that it might be considered such practically.—A scene was occasioned in the House by the arrest and arraignment of a newspaper correspondent charged with a libelous attack on Mr. Fitch, of Nevada. The Naturalization bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee.

June 11.—In the Senate, an appropriation of $50,000 was passed for the expenses of the Indian delegation now at Washington.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked leave, which was refused, to introduce a bill repealing the Tenure-of-Office act. The Senate amendment to the Appropriation bill, placing female clerks in the departments on the same footing as male clerks in respect to pay, was adopted.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

William Gilmore Simms, the Southern novelist, died at the residence of his son-in-law, in Charleston, South Carolina, on Saturday, June 11, aged sixty-four years.

The Vermont Constitutional Convention, on Saturday, June 11, rejected the proposition to give the ballot to woman by a vote of 1 to 231.

A Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) dispatch says the recent rains have caused high floods in the north and west branches of the Susquehanna River, sweeping away large quantities of timber. It is estimated that 10,000,000 feet have floated off.

The election in Oregon has gone Democratic by about 400 majority. This insures the election of a Democratic United States Senator from that State.

The Cuban privateer *Hornet*, under seizure at Wilmington, North Carolina, since last fall, has been released, by order of the President, to the original purchaser from the United States, Mr. Fernando Macia, who gives bonds amounting to $50,000 that she shall not engage in hostilities against Spain, or otherwise violate the neutrality laws of the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On Sunday, June 5, a terrible conflagration broke out in Constantinople, in the course of which over 7000 buildings were consumed. The losses are represented to be frightful. Whole families were hemmed in by the flames at some points, and perished in view of the spectators, who were unable to afford the slightest aid. The people in other localities were seized with a panic, and lost all capacity to save themselves, and others in despair made no effort. Some of the Turks, under the influence of fatalism, shut themselves in their burning houses, and refused to be rescued. The dead are ascertained to be 250. The French Empress has sent 10,000 francs to Constantinople for the relief of the sufferers.

It is reported that Mr. Disraeli is to be raised to the peerage.

Count Bismarck's health is still quite delicate, and his physicians have ordered him to rest from all work, and recommend a trip to England.

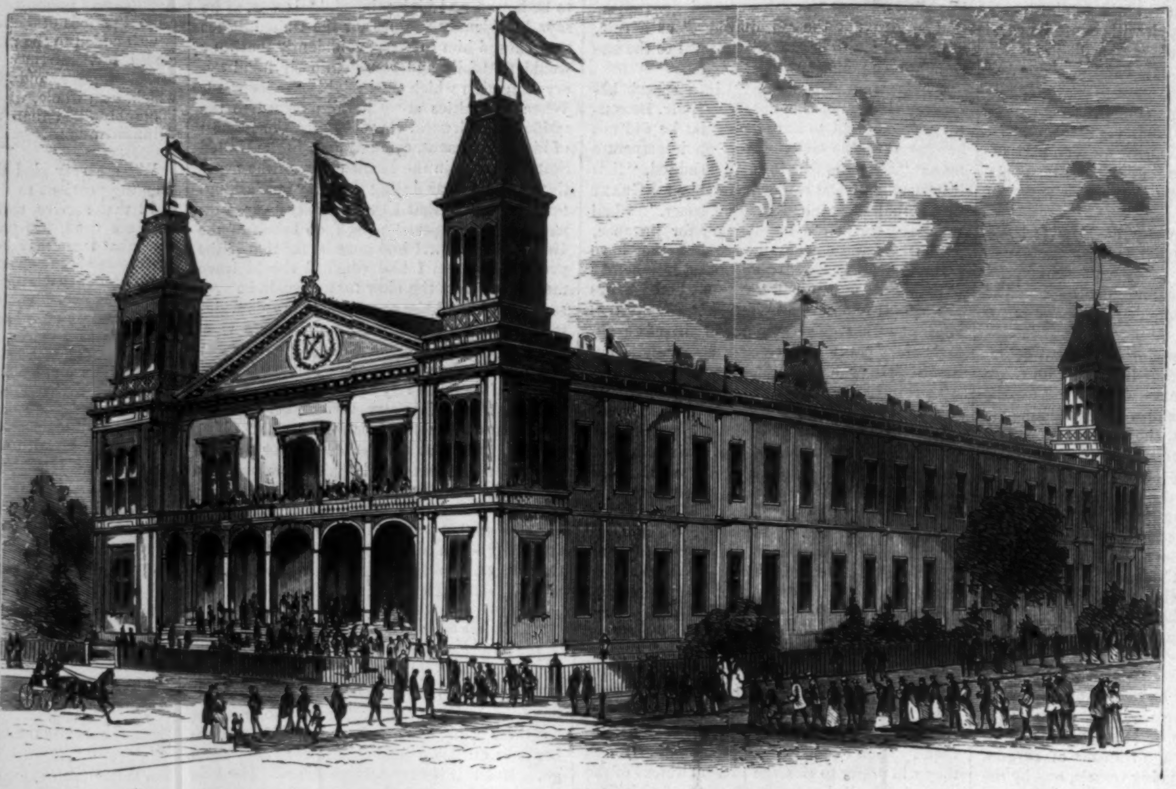
It is reported that Mr. Carlyle is about to make a visit to this country.

THE SÄNGERFEST BUILDING.

We give on this page a view of the great Sängerfest building just completed in Cincinnati, in which the next Industrial Exposition will be held. It is built entirely of wood, but very strongly arched and braced, on an excellent stone foundation, and ornamented, as shown in our sketch, by two front towers at the angles, front porch and balcony, and many a neat pinnacle and surmount.

This splendid hall, in which a grand German Sängerfest was held on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, will seat 10,000 spectators, 1300 singers, and an orchestra of 300 performers. Two-thirds of the weight of this mass of humanity will rest directly on the first-floor, directly over the foundation, while the galleries are strongly supported and braced, so that the liability to accidents is very slight. Architecturally considered, the building is very handsome. At each corner a tower rises to the height of 110 feet from the ground. These towers at the base form a part of the main building, and above it gradually recede, and terminate in pinnacles, from which the American and German flags will be suspended. The towers will be covered with tin, and relieved with large double and triple windows below, and by triple windows hidden by Venetian blinds above. On the first-floor, between the towers, on the front, six arches, each nine feet wide and eighteen feet high, open into a vestibule sixty-six feet long and ten feet wide. Above these arches is the balcony, of the same dimensions as the vestibule. This balcony opens by a large door into the front gallery. On each side of the latter are double windows, to relieve the front and give additional light to the audience-room.

It was at first designed to ornament the interior in a very elaborate and costly manner, but the project was abandoned.



SÄNGERFEST BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

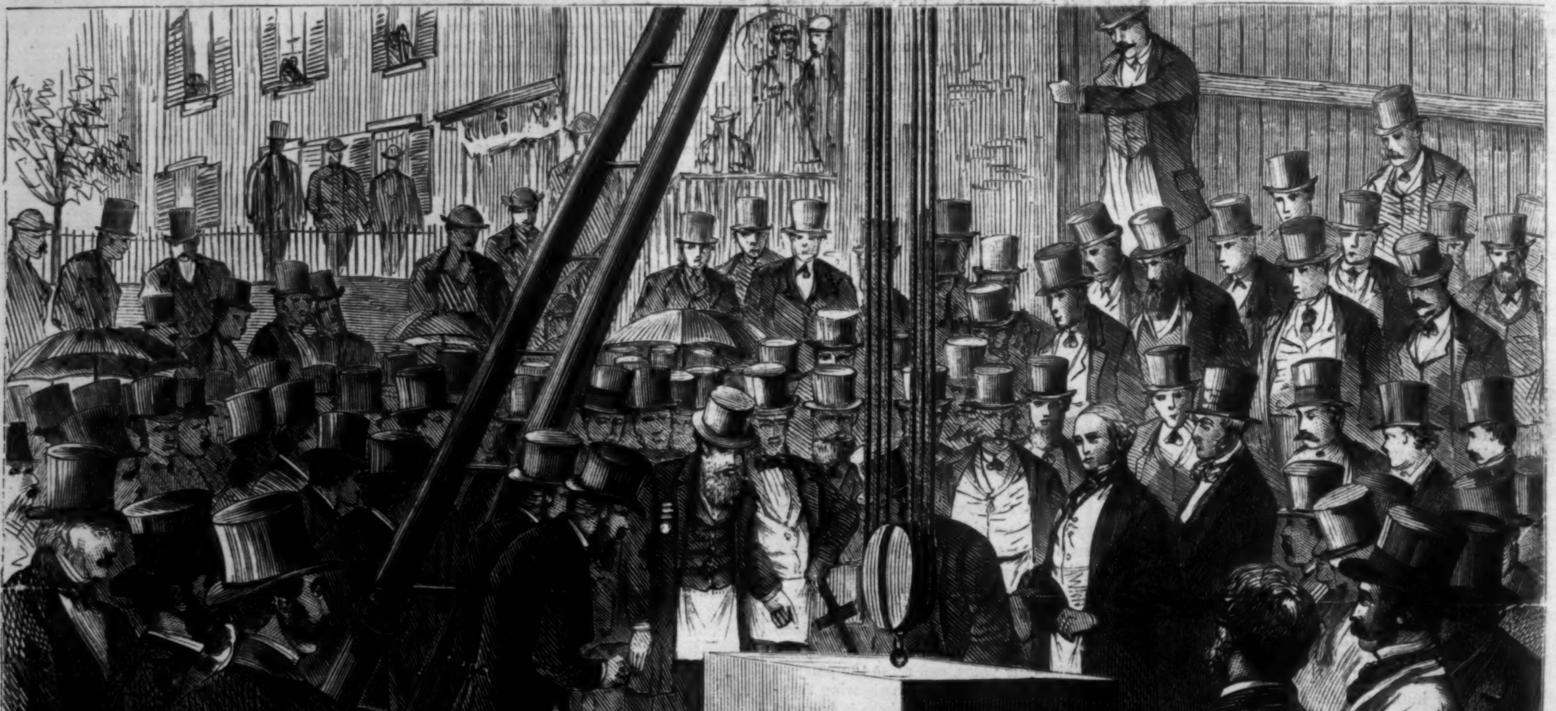
THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Masonic Temple to be erected in this city, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, took place on Wednesday, the 8th of June, in the presence of a vast gathering of people. The day was remarkably fine. At an early hour the different bodies of the fraternity assembled in their lodge-rooms, and promptly at half past eight the several divisions, carrying guidons numbered from one to ten, were posted in the positions assigned to them along Fifth Avenue. The number of Masons in the procession was estimated at nearly 20,000. At nine o'clock the procession moved to the site of the edifice, where it divided into two lines, through which the Grand Lodge, forming the tenth division, passed. The masters and wardens of the various lodges then followed in the rear of the Grand Lodge officers, according to seniority; and, after these officers had passed through the line, the brethren marched in the same order, and closed up *en masse* around the platform, the lodge officers being allowed inside the inclosure, which was so constructed as to form a lodge, the platform in the east for the principal grand officers being raised on three steps, that in the west for the Senior Grand Warden on two, and that in the south for the Junior Grand Warden on one. The corner-stone was in the northeast corner, and by its side was the original corner-stone of the old Masonic Hall that stood in Broadway, near Pearl Street, in which was the box containing the articles deposited when that stone was laid. The old box, with its contents, was replaced in the old stone, and it was set by the side of the new one. The two are laid on a foundation 22 feet deep, built on a bed of concrete and masonry.

After the opening ceremonies and prayer the Grand Treasurer placed in a metal casket the various offerings, documents, etc., the Grand Secretary announcing each article as it was deposited. The casket was then sealed up and laid in the lower corner-stone. This stone is five feet eight inches long, by three feet four inches broad, and two feet four inches deep. The casket having been deposited, a copper plate, having the engraved names of the grand officers, and the occasion which called for it, was placed over the box and fastened down, after which the covering stone, four feet four inches long, by three feet four inches broad, and one foot four inches deep, was lowered upon it. This having been done under the direction of the Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master applied the square, the jewel of his office, to the stone, and pronounced the work square. The Senior Grand Warden applied the level to the stone, and reported that it was level. The Junior Grand Warden next applied the plumb, and reported that it was plumb and upright. This work having been completed, the Grand Master took the trowel and spread the cement which bound the whole, and having struck the stone three times with his gavel, returned to his station, and made the following declaration, which was repeated three times by the Grand Marshal, in the south, west, and east:

> "We, James Gibson, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, do declare this stone to be plumb, level, and square; to be well formed, true, and trusty; and duly laid according to the ancient customs, usages, and forms of our craft."

The stone was then formally consecrated with offerings of corn, wine, and oil, in accordance with Masonic usages.



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE IN NEW YORK.—[From a Sketch by Stanley Fox.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED

EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER IX.

Royān.—Wells dug by the Baboons and Antelopes.—Encampment at the Mouth of the Mai Gubba.—Francolin Partridges.—Meeting with the Sheriff Brothers.—Great Chase.—Thirty Miles' Ride before overtaking the Elephant.—The Animal in Sight.—Charge of the Elephant.—His Retreat.—He intrenches Himself among the Rocks.—Strategic Movement.—Rodur's Mare.—Furious Race of the Elephant.—He is nailed to the Ground.—Prey seized by the Basé.

We now turned due south from our camp of Delladilla, and at a distance of twelve miles we reached the river Royān, the bed of which was completely dry. We descended the bank in a spot that had been broken down by elephants, and continued our course up stream along the sandy bed, which formed an excellent road. The surface was imprinted with the footsteps of every variety of game, and numerous holes about two feet deep had been dug in the sand by the antelopes and baboons to procure water. Great numbers of the oterop, a small reddish-brown antelope without horns, were drinking at these little watering-places, and did not appear to heed us. We disturbed many nellut and tétel upon the banks, and after having marched about four miles along the river's bed, we halted at a beautiful open forest of large trees at the junction of Hor Mai Gubba. This was a considerable torrent, which is tributary to the Royān; at this spot it had cut through a white sandstone cliff, about eighty feet perpendicular: thus upon either side it was walled in. The word Gubba is Abyssinian for the Nabbuk, therefore the torrent was the Nabbuk River: this flowed past the village of Mai Gubba, which is the head-quarters of Mek Nimmur, from which we were not twenty-five miles distant. We camped in a forest of the largest trees that we had as yet seen in Africa.

I took a few men to beat the low jungle within the forest for francolin partridge, numbers of which I had seen running through the covert. I went up the dry bed of the river at the junction of the Hor Gubba, while they drove toward me, and I was compelled to fire as fast as I could load, as these beautiful birds flew across the ravine. I shot five brace almost immediately. There is no better game bird than the francolin: the flesh is white, and of a most delicate and rich flavor. My shots had attracted the aggageers, and shortly after my return to camp they arrived with my Arabs, as they had been stationed on the opposite side of the Royān in a forest within a quarter of a mile of us. I agreed to have a long day's hunt the next day with Taher Sheriff.

TÉTEL IN DANGER.

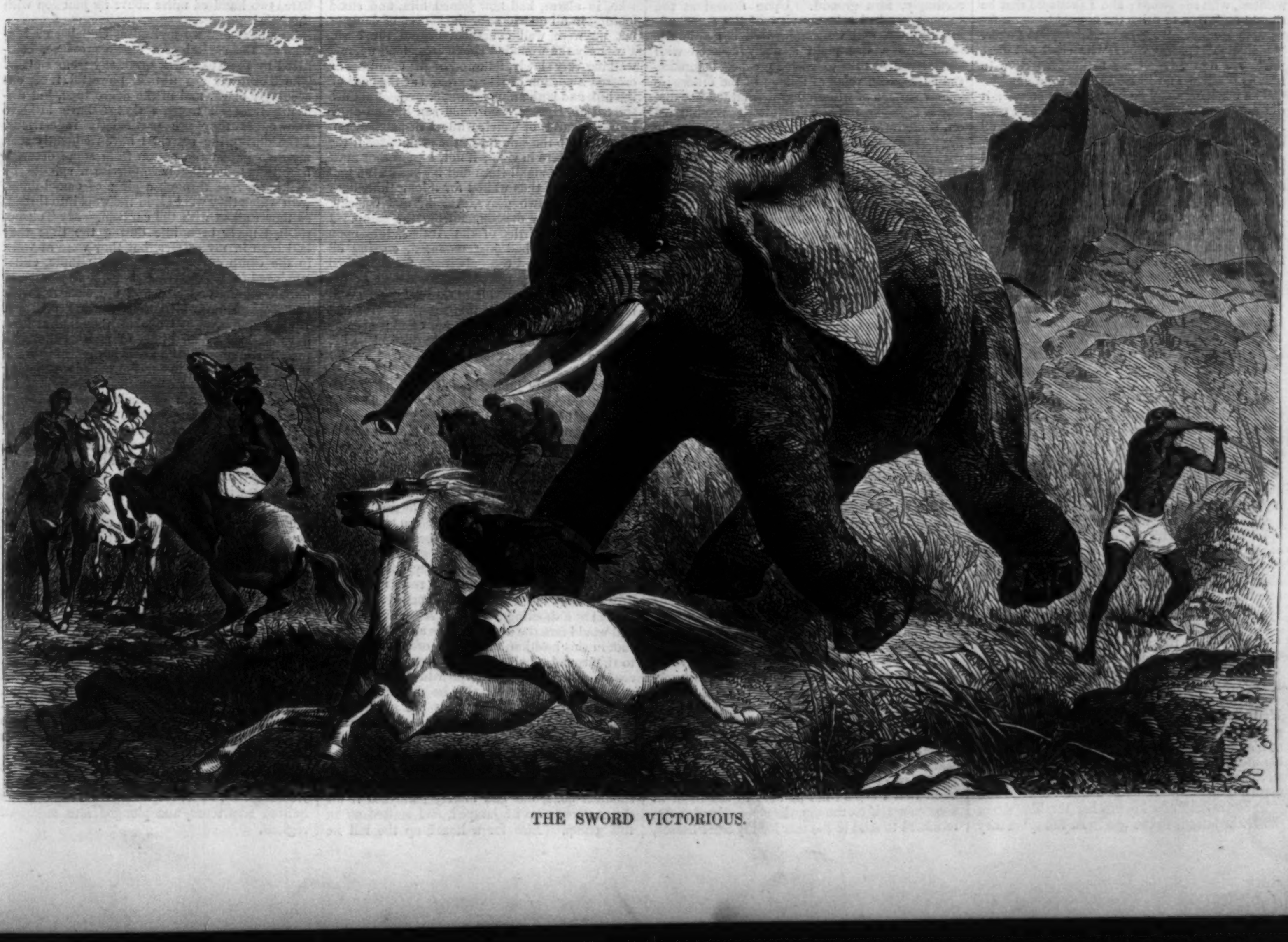
According to my agreement, I went to the aggageers' camp at 5 A.M., with Hadji Ali and Hassan, both mounted on my two horses Aggahr and Gazelle, while I rode Tétel. Taher Sheriff requested me not to shoot at any thing, as the shots might alarm and scare away elephants; therefore I merely carried my little Fletcher, in case of meeting the Basé, who hunted in this country. We started along the upward course of the Royān.

For seven hours we rode, sometimes along the bed of the river between lofty overhanging rocks, or through borders of fine forest trees; at other times we cut off a bend of the stream, and rode for some miles through a beautiful country diversified with hills, and abounding in enormous baobab-trees. At length we entered the mountains at the foot of the great chain. Here the views were superb. The Royān was no longer a stream of ninety or a hundred yards in width, but it was reduced to a simple mountain torrent about forty yards across, blocked in many places by masses of rock, while at others it had formed broad pools, all of which were now perfectly dry, and exhibited a bed of glaring sand. Numerous mountain ravines joined the main channel, and the entire country bore witness to the effect of violent rains, as the surface was torn and water-worn.

HUNTING A RHINOCEROS.

We had ridden nearly thirty miles, having seen large quantities of game, including antelopes, buffaloes, giraffes, and rhinoceros, none of which we had hunted, as we were in search of elephants. This was the country where the aggageers had expected, without fail, to find their game.

They now turned away from the Royān, and descended a sandy valley at the foot of the mountains, the bottom of which appeared to have been overflowed during the wet season. Here were large strips of forest, and numerous sandy water-courses, along the dry bed of which we quickly discovered the deep tracks of elephants. They had been digging fresh holes in the sand in search of water, in which welcome basins we found a good supply; we dismounted, and rested the horses for half an hour, while the hunters followed up the tracks on the bed of the stream. Upon their return they reported the elephants as having wandered off upon the rocky ground, that rendered further tracking impossible. We accordingly remounted, and, upon arrival at the spot where they had lost the tracks, we continued along the bed of the stream. We had



THE SWORD VICTORIOUS.

ridden about a mile, and were beginning to despair, when suddenly we turned a sharp angle in the water-course, and Taher Sheriff, who was leading, immediately reined in his horse, and backed him toward the party. I followed his example, and we were at once concealed by the sharp bend of the river. He now whispered that a bull elephant was drinking from a hole it had scooped in the sand, not far round the corner. Without the slightest confusion the hunters at once fell quietly into their respective places, Taher Sheriff leading, while I followed closely in the line, with my Tokrooris bringing up the rear; we were a party of seven horses.

Upon turning the corner we at once perceived the elephant, that was still drinking. It was a fine bull; the enormous ears were thrown forward, as the head was lowered in the act of drawing up the water through the trunk; these shaded the eyes, and, with the wind favorable, we advanced noiselessly upon the sand to within twenty yards before we were perceived. The elephant then threw up its head, and, with the ears flapping forward, it raised its trunk for an instant, and then slowly, but easily, ascended the steep bank, and retreated. The aggageers now halted for about a minute to confer together, and then followed in their original order up the crumbled bank. We were now on most unfavorable ground; the fire that had cleared the country we had hitherto traversed had been stopped by the bed of the torrent. We were thus plunged at once into withered grass above our heads, unless we stood in the stirrups; the ground was strewed with fragments of rock, and altogether it was ill-adapted for riding. However, Taher Sheriff broke into a trot, followed by the entire party, as the elephant was not in sight. We ascended a hill, and when near the summit we perceived the elephant about eighty yards ahead. It was looking behind during its retreat, by swinging its huge head from side to side, and upon seeing us approach, it turned suddenly round and halted. "Be ready, and take care of the rocks!" said Taher Sheriff, as I rode forward by his side. Hardly had he uttered these words of caution, when the bull gave a vicious jerk with its head, and with a shrill scream it charged down upon us with the greatest fury. Away we all went, helter-skelter, through the dry grass, which whistled in my ears, over the hidden rocks, at full gallop, with the elephant tearing after us for about a hundred and eighty yards at a tremendous pace. Tétel was a sure-footed horse, and, being unshod, he never slipped upon the stones. Thus, as we all scattered in different directions, the elephant became confused, and relinquished the chase; it had been very near me at one time, and, in such ground, I was not sorry when it gave up the hunt. We now quickly united, and again followed the elephant, that had once more retreated. Advancing at a canter, we shortly came in view. Upon seeing the horses the bull deliberately entered a strong-hold composed of rocky and uneven ground, in the clefts of which grew thinly a few leafless trees the thickness of a man's leg. It then turned boldly toward us, and stood determinedly at bay.

Now came the tug of war! Taher Sheriff came close to me and said, "You had better shoot the elephant, as we shall have great difficulty in this rocky ground:" this I declined, as I wished to end the fight as it had been commenced, with the sword; and I proposed that he should endeavor to drive the animal to more favorable ground. "Never mind," replied Taher. "Inshallah" (please God) "he shall not beat us." He now advised me to keep as close to him as possible, and to look sharp for a charge.

The elephant stood facing us like a statue; it did not move a muscle beyond a quick and restless action of the eyes, that were watching all sides. Taher Sheriff and his younger brother Ibrahim now separated, and each took opposite sides of the elephant, and then joined each other about twenty yards behind it; I accompanied them, until Taher advised me to keep about the same distance upon the left flank. My Tokrooris kept apart from the scene, as they were not required. In front of the elephant were two aggageers, one of whom was the renowned Rodur Sheriff, with the withered arm. All being ready for action, Rodur now rode slowly toward the head of the cunning old bull, who was quietly awaiting an opportunity to make certain of some one who might give him a good chance.

Rodur Sheriff rode a bay mare, that, having been thoroughly trained to these encounters, was perfect at her work. Slowly and coolly she advanced toward her wary antagonist, until within about eight or nine yards of the elephant's head; the creature never moved, and the *mise en scène* was beautiful; not a word was spoken, and we kept our places amidst utter stillness, which was at length broken by a snort from the mare, who gazed intently at the elephant, as though watching for the moment of attack.

One more pace forward, and Rodur sat coolly upon his mare, with his eyes fixed upon those of the elephant. For an instant I saw the white of the eye nearest to me; "Look out, Rodur! he's coming!" I exclaimed. With a shrill scream, the elephant dashed upon him like an avalanche!

Round went the mare as though upon a pivot, and away over rocks and stones, flying like a gazelle, with the monkey-like form of little Rodur Sheriff leaning forward, and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him.

For a moment I thought he must be caught. Had the mare stumbled, all were lost; but she gained in the race after a few quick bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him, kept his distance so close to the elephant, that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

Taher Sheriff and his brother Ibrahim swept down like falcons in the rear. In full speed they dextrously avoided the trees, until they arrived upon open ground, when they dashed up close to the hind-quarters of the furious elephant, who, maddened with the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare, that were almost within its grasp. When close to the tail of the elephant, Taher Sheriff's sword flashed from its sheath, as grasping his trusty blade he leaped nimbly to the ground, while Ibrahim caught the reins of his horse; two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant; a bright glance shone like lightning, as the sun struck upon the descending steel; this was followed by a dull crack, as the sword cut through skin and sinews, and settled deep in the bone, about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride, the elephant halted dead short in the midst of its tremendous charge. Taher had jumped quickly on one side, and had vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment, Rodur, who had led the chase, turned sharp round, and again faced the elephant as before; stooping quickly from the saddle, he picked up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious-looking animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible! the foot was dislocated, and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant, Taher was once more on foot, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg. The great bull elephant could not move; the first cut with the sword had utterly disabled it; the second was its death blow; the arteries of the leg were divided, and the blood spouted in jets from the wounds. I wished to terminate its misery by a bullet behind the ear, but Taher Sheriff begged me not to fire, as the elephant would quickly bleed to death without pain, and an unnecessary shot might attract the Basé, who would steal the flesh and ivory during our absence. We were obliged to return immediately to our far-distant camp, and the hunters resolved to accompany their camels to the spot upon the next day.

On the following day the hunters started to the dead elephant with camels and sacks, but they returned at night thoroughly disgusted; the nimble Basé had been before them, most probably attracted to the carcass by the cloud of vultures that had gathered in the air. Nothing remained but the bones and skull of the elephant, the flesh and the ivory had been stolen. The tracks of a great number of men were left upon the ground, and the aggageers were fortunate to return without an attack from overwhelming numbers.

CHAPTER X.

On the way to Gallabat.—Encampment on a vast Plain.—From the Hill-top.—Two Rhinoceros issue from a Ravine.—Tetel is led to the Foot of the Hill.—He is seen by one of the Rhinoceros.—The Rhinoceros receives a Bullet.—Pursuit of the second Rhinoceros.—The Atbara near its Source.—Gallabat.—Tokrooris.—Their Industry.—On the Banks of the Rahad.—Arrival at Khartoum.—Conclusion.

I HAD thoroughly explored the beautiful country of the Salaam and Angrab, and intended to push on to Gallabat, the frontier market-town of Abyssinia.

We started on the following afternoon, and, with Hassan as our guide, and Taher Noor upon a camel, my wife and I cantered ahead of the main body, over a high ridge of stony, and, accordingly, firm ground. Upon arrival at the summit, we had a lovely view of the surrounding country, and we commenced a gentle descent into a vast plain sparsely covered with small trees. In the extensive prospect before us, the dark green veins of foliage in the otherwise yellow surface of withered grass marked out distinctly the course of small rivulets. We hurried on, sometimes over blackened ashes, where the fire had swept all before it, at other times through withered grass, that had been saved from destruction through the intervention of some ravine. At 7.30 P.M. we arrived at an excellent halting-place, by a beautiful but small stream of water, shaded by a fringe of dome palms; this was, by dead-reckoning, seventeen miles from our last camp. It had been pleasant traveling, as the moon was full; we had ridden fast, therefore it was useless to expect the camels for some hours; we accordingly spread the carpet on the ground, and lay down to sleep, with the stocks of the rifles for pillows, as we had frequently done on former occasions.

On the following morning I mounted my horse Tétel, and, with Taher Noor and two of my Tokrooris, Hadji Ali, and Hassan, I rode toward a pyramidical hill about three miles distant, which I intended to ascend, in order to obtain a panoramic view of the country. This hill was about three hundred feet high, and, as the fire had swept away a portion of the grass for several miles around, I should obtain a clear view of all living animals that might be in the neighborhood. Upon arrival at the base of the hill I dismounted, and led my horse up the steep inclination of broken basalt that had fallen from the summit. From the top of the peak I had a superb panorama of the country, the mountain Nahoot Gubdabi bearing southwest about thirty miles distant. I had a complete bird's-eye view of great extent, and I immediately distinguished, in various positions, giraffes, buffaloes, tétel, and boars.

I had been observing the country for some time from my high station, when I suddenly perceived two rhinoceros emerge from a ravine. They walked slowly through a patch of high grass, and skirted the base of the hill upon which we were standing. Presently they winded something, and they trotted back and stood concealed in the patch of grass. Although I had a good view of them from my present position, I knew that I should not be able to see them in their covert, if on the same level; I therefore determined to send to the tent for my other horses, and to ride them down, if I could not shoot them on foot; accordingly, I sent a man off, directing him to lead Tétel from the peak, and to secure him to a tree at the foot of the hill, as I was afraid the rhinoceros might observe the horse upon the sky line. This he did, and we saw him tie the horse by the bridle to the branch of a tree below us, while he ran quickly toward the camp. In the mean time I watched the rhinoceros; both animals laid down in the yellow grass, resembling masses of stone. They had not been long in this position before we noticed two pigs wandering through the grass directly to windward, toward the sleeping rhinoceros. In an instant these animals winded the intruders, and starting up, they looked in all directions, but could not see them, as they were concealed by the high grass. Having been thus disturbed, the rhinoceros moved their quarters, and walked slowly forward, occasionally halting and listening. One was about a hundred yards in advance of the other. They were taking a direction at the base of the hill that would lead them directly upon the spot where Tétel was tied to the tree. I observed this to Taher Noor, as I feared they would kill the horse. "Oh no," he replied, "they will lie down and sleep beneath the first tree, as they are seeking for shade—the sun is like fire." However, they still continued their advance, and, upon reaching some rising ground, the leading rhinoceros halted, and I felt sure that he had a clear view of the horse, that was now about five hundred yards distant, tied to the tree. A ridge descended from the hill, parallel with the course the animals were taking; upon this I ran as quickly as the stony slope permitted, keeping my eye fixed upon the leading rhinoceros, who, with his head raised, was advancing directly toward the horse. I now felt convinced that he intended to attack it. Tétel did not observe the rhinoceros, but was quietly standing beneath the tree. I ran as fast as I was able, and reached the bottom of the hill just as the willful brute was within fifty yards of the horse, which now for the first time saw the approaching danger; the rhinoceros had been advancing steadily at a walk, but he now lowered his head, and charged at the horse at full speed.

I was about two hundred yards distant, and for the moment I was afraid of shooting the horse, but I fired one of the Reilly No. 10 rifles; the bullet, missing the rhinoceros, dashed the sand and stones into his face, as it struck the ground exactly before his nose, when he appeared to be just into the unfortunate Tétel. The horse in the same instant reared, and, breaking the bridle, it dashed away in the direction of the camp; while the rhinoceros, astonished at the shot, and most likely half blinded by the sand and splinters of rock, threw up his head, turned round, and trotted back upon the track by which he had arrived. He passed me at about a hundred yards' distance, as I had run forward to a bush, by which he trotted with his head raised, seeking for the cause of his discomfiture. Crack! went a bullet against his hide, as I fired my remaining barrel at his shoulder; he cocked his tail, and for a few yards he charged toward the shot; but he suddenly changed his course, and ran round several times in a small circle, he then halted, and reeling to and fro, he retreated very slowly, and laid down about a hundred yards off. Well done, Reilly! I knew that he had his *quietus*, but I was determined to bag his companion, who, in alarm, had now joined him, and stood looking in all quarters for the source of danger; but we were well concealed behind the bush. Presently the wounded rhinoceros stood up, and walking very slowly, followed by his comrade, he crossed a portion of rising ground at the base of the hill, and both animals disappeared. I at once started off Hassan, who could run like an antelope, in search of Tétel, while I dispatched another man to the summit of the peak to see if the rhinoceros were in view; if not, I knew they must be among the small trees and bushes at the foot of the hill. I thus waited for a long time, until at length the two grays, Aggahr and Gazelle, arrived with my messenger from the camp. I tightened the girths of the Arab saddle upon Aggahr, and I had just mounted, cursing all Arab stirrups, that are only made for the naked big toe, when my eyes were gladdened by the sight of Hassan cantering toward me upon Tétel, but from the exact direction the rhinoceros had taken. "Quick! quick!" he cried; "come along! One rhinoceros is lying dead close by, and the other is standing beneath a tree not far off."

I immediately jumped on Tétel, and, taking the little Fletcher rifle, as lighter and handier than the heavy No. 10, I ordered Taher Noor and Hassan to mount the other horses, and to follow me with spare rifles. I found the rhinoceros lying dead about two hundred yards from the spot where he had received the shot, and I immediately perceived the companion, that was standing beneath a small tree. The ground was firm and stony, all the grass had been burned off, except in a few small patches; the trees were not so thick together as to form a regular jungle.

The rhinoceros saw us directly, and he valiantly stood and faced me as I rode up within fifty yards of him. Tétel was worth his weight in gold as a shooting horse: he stood like a rock, and would face the devil. I was unable to take a shot in this position, therefore I ordered the men to ride round a half-circle, as I knew the rhinoceros would turn toward the white horses, and thus expose his flank; this he did immediately, and firing well, exactly at the shoulder, I dropped him as though stone-dead. Taher Noor shouted, "Sammé durrupto!" (well shot); the rhinoceros lay kicking upon the ground, and I thought he was bagged. Not a bit of it! The No. 24 bullet had not force to break the massive shoulder-bone, but had merely paralyzed it for the moment; up he jumped, and started off in full gallop. Now for a hunt! up the hill he started, then obliquely; he chose a regular rhinoceros path, and scudded away, Tétel answering to the spur and closing with him; through the trees; now down the hill over the loose rocks, where he gained considerably upon the horse. "Easy down the hill, gently over the stones, Tétel," and I took a pull at the reins until I reached the level ground beneath, which was firm and first-rate. I saw the rhinoceros pelting away about a hundred and twenty yards ahead, and, spurring hard, I shot up to him at full speed until within twenty yards, when round he came with astonishing quickness, and charged straight at the horse. I was prepared for this, as was my horse also; we avoided him by a quick turn, and again renewed the chase, and regained our position within a few yards of the game. Thus the hunt continued for about a mile and a half, the rhinoceros occasionally charging, but always cleverly avoided by the horse. Tétel seemed to enjoy the fun, and hunted like a greyhound. Nevertheless I had not been able to pass the rhinoceros, who had thundered along at a tremendous pace whenever I had attempted to close; however, the pace began to tell upon his wounded shoulder; he evidently went lame, and as I observed at some distance before us the commencement of the dark-colored rotten ground, I felt sure that it would shortly be a case of "stand still." In this I was correct, and, upon reaching the deep and crumbling soil, he turned sharp round, made a clumsy charge that I easily avoided, and he stood panting at bay. Taher Noor was riding Gazelle; this was a very timid horse, and was utterly useless as a hunter; but, as it reared and plunged upon seeing the rhinoceros, that animal immediately turned toward it with the intention of charging. Riding Tétel close to his flank, I fired both barrels of the little Fletcher into the shoulder; he fell to the shots, and, stretching out his legs convulsively, he died immediately.

Pursuing our march through the plain, we arrived at Metemma, a Tokroori village in the heart of the mountains; then the next day, April 15, after passing through several small villages, and many brooks that flowed from the mountains, we arrived at our old friend, the Atbara River, at the sharp angle as it issues from the mountains. At this place it was in its infancy. We had seen the Atbara a bed of glaring sand—a mere continuation of the burning desert that surrounded its course, fringed by a belt of withered trees, like a monument sacred to the memory of a dead river. We had seen the sudden rush of waters when, in the still night, the mysterious stream had invaded the dry bed, and swept all before it like an awakened giant. We had subsequently witnessed that tremendous rainfall, and seen the Atbara at its grandest flood. We had traced each river, and crossed each tiny stream that fed the mighty Atbara from the mountain chain; and we now, after our long journey, forded the Atbara in its infancy, hardly knee-deep over its rocky bed of about sixty yards width. As I followed it with my eye, I thought of that wonderful river Nile, that could flow forever through the exhausting deserts of sand, while the Atbara, during the summer months, shrank to a dry skeleton, although the powerful affluents, the Salaam and the Settite, never ceased to flow; every drop of their waters was evaporated by the air, and absorbed by the desert sand in the bed of the Atbara, two hundred miles above its junction with the Nile!

The next day we arrived at Gallabat or Metemma, the capital of a fertile province, colonized by the Tokrooris, originally from Darfur. The Tokrooris are a fine, powerful race, exceedingly black, and of the negro type, but differing from all negroes that I have hitherto known, as they are particularly industrious. Even during the march, I have frequently seen my men gather the cotton from some deserted bush, and immediately improvise a spindle, by sticking a reed through a piece of camel-dung, with which they would spin the wool into thread, as they walked with the caravan. My Tokrooris had never been idle during the time they had been in my service, but they were at work in the camp during every spare minute, either employed in making sandals from elephant's or buffalo's hide, or whips and bracelets from the rhinoceros skin, which they cleverly polished. Upon our arrival at Gallabat, they had at least a camel-load of all kinds of articles they had manufactured. On the following morning I had found them sitting in the market-place, having established stalls, at which they were selling all the various trophies of their expedition—fat, hides, whips, sandals, bracelets, etc.

They were now at home, and the time had come for us to separate. I paid them their wages, and gave them an entertainment after their own taste, by purchasing several enormous bowls of honey wine, and we parted on the best of terms.

For some days we continued our journey along the right bank of the Durder, and finally made a direct cut across the flat country to cross the Rahad and arrive at Abou Harag, on the Blue Nile, whence we reached Khartoum on the morning of June 11. Of all our old companions none were left but Bacheet, Wat el Baggar, Richarn, and my brave Tétel. Florian had been killed by a lion; Banaké, the poor woman who ground the dhurra and baked the bread, had been buried at Delladilla; Aggahr, my trusty hunter, had been taken sick a little way from Gallabat, and had died in a few hours amidst excruciating sufferings; and Gazelle, attacked with the same disease, almost at the same time, survived him but a little while.

The first part of our task was completed. It now remained for us to explore the south; and, December 18, 1862, full of hope and energy, we quitted Khartoum, and plunged into unknown regions.

GEORGE MARCY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

No one knew what had become of him—of brilliant, young, vivacious, gifted, heedless, lovable George Edgar Marcy. He had dropped wholly out of London and literature and love-making, and all his airy projects and his occasionally high aspirations, and his dashing vivid criticisms and magazine articles and poems, serious and comic—he had left every thing behind him and disappeared. We all said we might have better spared a better man—some few of us were sincerely sorry for his disappearance; there was one who, as every body afterward learned, felt far more deeply still. His disappearance came about in this way: George Marcy was a brilliant young *litterateur*; member of a family which had quite a name in literature, and was himself rising fast into a kind of reputation. Any thing very great he would never be—you had only to look at his head and face to see that; but he certainly had a rare gift at vivid sketches, critiques, articles of every kind wherein a certain fresh and light stream of the poetic might blend easily with a fantastic, eccentric, but very genuine humor. You would have called him one of the Bohemian school, but his personal habits were by no means Bohemian; for he much preferred a palatial club-room to a public house, and a drawing-room well ornamented with pretty and clever women to either. He was a terribly thoughtless, thriftless fellow, and, unless when he liked to work, was decidedly lazy; but he was a gentleman in heart and in manner. He sometimes provoked editors and publishers out of all patience; for when the first installment of copy came, there was no saying when the next would come, or whether it would ever come at all; and indeed there were editors who had issued a positive order that no line of George's copy should, under any circumstances, be touched until the whole (he never sent in any article, however short, in one lot) had been fairly got into hand. Many a time had this or that editor vowed that never again would he have any thing to do with George Edgar Marcy; but one could not help himself; George Edgar was sure to come in and talk him over with soothing appeal, vow of better conduct for the future, and final outburst of drollery. You could no more continue long to be angry with him than if he were a girl. Every body ended by liking him. He was a very handsome young fellow, of decidedly short stature and slender make, but shapely and lithe; and he had curling black hair, and black, vivacious, sparkling eyes. He used to flirt with a great many girls, and all of them liked him—and, again, one at least felt more than a liking for him.

George had been brought up in Italy, and had a great deal of the Italian about him—the animation and variety of gesture and intonation, as well as the dark hair and eyes. At the time I speak of, he had, indeed, only been some two years home from Italy. One of the houses which he now visited most frequently was that of Mr. Ralph Bathurst, a man of much taste in art and letters, who had a handsome house in Kensington, and was fond of gathering authors and painters and journalists round him. Mr. Bathurst had a daughter Annie, who was both pretty and good, and had, moreover, a quick, clear brain and highly cultivated tastes. We who frequented the house were all very fond of Annie Bathurst. I was very fond of her; but then, so was my wife too; and, therefore, in my case it did not matter. But I thought—we all thought—George Edgar Marcy was also fond of her, and in quite a different way; and she seemed to like his society very much. This looked highly promising and satisfactory; for George was quite a pet of Mr. Bathurst, and the latter would not have cared whether his daughter's husband had or had not money, provided that the daughter loved him, and that he was a good fellow—now George Edgar *was* a good fellow. Even then, when we knew the best of him but superficially, and knew all his faults, we could say nothing about him which could pain or discourage the father of any girl who loved him.

One night I met George Edgar at Mr. Bathurst's house. I shall always remember that night. George and Miss Bathurst talked together very much, and really seemed quite like lovers. Once I saw—as I looked purposeless across the room—that their hands met somehow by chance, and that she blushed and trembled, while he looked embarrassed and agitated. I thought these were highly suspicious symptoms.

I had to go into town to one of the newspaper offices that night, and was to return to Mr. Bathurst's for my wife. To my surprise, when I rose to go George Marcy rose also, and said he had to leave early, and that he would walk part of the way with me. His going so soon surprised me; but I made no remark.

As we walked along together he suddenly said:

"Tell me, old fellow, do you ever have presentiments?"

"Sometimes, of course, I fancy I have. All people fancy such things now and then, I suppose. But I don't believe in the fancies—my own or any body else's."

"Well, no—of course not. It's all folly. Yet, somehow, to-night I have a heavy, uncomfortable, ominous sort of feeling pressing on me."

"Not all the evening, I think. You seemed to me very happy—and I don't wonder."

"Not all the evening, but lately. No matter—it's all nonsense, probably. Let it go. Tell me, don't you think Annie Bathurst a charming girl?"

"Indeed I do; and a good girl—and I think, George," I added, quite gravely, "that you will be a very happy man."

He looked at me, not alone gravely, but sadly.

"I am not worthy," he said, "of the love of a girl like Annie."

"I dare say not. I doubt if many men are worthy of the love of the women who marry them; but I don't believe you are any worse than the rest, George; and I am sure Annie thinks you are a great deal better."

He only shook his head. Suddenly his ear was caught by the talk of two Italian organ-grinders who were lying on the pavement of Piccadilly enjoying the delicious summer air of evening, and were chatting to each other merrily.

"Stop," said George; "I really must have a talk with these fellows. I delight in these little chaps. Besides, one may get at some 'copy,' don't you see? Something fanciful for the *Cornhill* or *Temple Bar!* Now, listen. One of these boys is a Piedmontese, the other a Lombard; I can tell that at once by the accent. Can't you?"

"Not I. I couldn't distinguish between a Lombard and a Calabrian."

George plunged at once into animated conversation with the boys; and after a few moments became quite absorbed in talk with the young Lombard. Now my knowledge of Italian is like the knowledge of French which the young guardsman in "Pendennis" describes to Blanche Amory. I understand it of course, you know—and all that—but not when "it's spoke so devilish quick" as natives of Italy and some other persons are in the habit of doing. So I didn't follow the conversation, and got tired and pulled George away.

"Well," I asked, "have you contrived to extract any copy?"

"No, not a line. The Lombard fellow comes from a village I used to know very well at one time; and I was asking him a few questions about people who used to live there; that was all." Then he changed the conversation, and never ceased talking on this, that, and the other subject until we reached the point at which our roads divided.

"Good-night, old fellow," George said, in a low and rather sad tone. "And, I say, I think of soon leaving town; in fact, I have to leave town very soon—perhaps to-morrow—just for a while."

"Where are you darting off to now?"

"Well, it's a long story, and not all a pleasant one—and, in short, don't ask me. Perhaps I may come back soon—perhaps it may be a long time."

"My dear fellow, what are you talking about—what *do* you mean?"

"No matter. At least don't ask me—good-night, and good-by."

He seized my hand, grasped it warmly, and then sprang across the street and soon disappeared.

"George is in some scrape," I thought at once. What it could be I could not imagine. The most reasonable conjecture seemed to be that he was in debt, and feared he might have to make an excursion out of town to avoid his creditors. I was sorry for this too, because I had not suspected him of any such escapades; and Mr. Bathurst certainly would not relish any thing of the kind. Moreover, I knew that George had only the day before received quite a considerable sum from a publisher, the profits of two or three little fantastic books which had had a really wonderful run; and this money, which he could hardly have squandered since yesterday, would surely have staved off the creditors and kept the wolf-dun from the door.

I resolved to call at his lodgings next morning and try to get into his full confidence.

I called at ten, and found that he had left his lodgings four hours earlier: that he had not gone to bed, but had spent the night in packing up his books and papers in a large trunk, which he left in the care of his landlady, and his clothes in a portmanteau which he took with him. He told his landlady that he might return in a fortnight, but that he might possibly be a much longer time away. Where he was going to, he did not say or hint—and doubtless the good woman had done her best to learn.

There was nothing more to be said. We must wait for him to come back. A week after I met Mr. Bathurst, who was surprised at George's not having come near him since the night I last saw the fugitive at his house. A month, two months went by, and George did not return. I called on George's father, with whom his son was on cold, unfriendly terms, because of the elder Marcy having married again very soon after the death of George's mother—an act which poor George not unnaturally resented.

Marcy the elder could only tell me that his son had written him a few dry, cold lines, to say that he was about leaving town; that he might possibly be away for a long time, and that he would take it as a favor if no search or inquiry were made after him.

"And I can assure you," Mr. Marcy concluded, "that I have not made, and don't mean to make, any inquiry whatever. I have no doubt George is alive and well; but I have much doubt whether a close inquiry after him would end in any thing agreeable for his friends to hear."

Cherchez la femme was evidently Mr. Marcy's mode of solving the mystery, and it was after a time that of most persons.

I had often thought of poor George's casual talk with the Italian organ-boy, and wondered whether that could possibly have had any thing to do with his disappearance. I made many efforts to find the boy again. I never saw an organ-boy without asking him whether he was a Lombard, and whether it was he who had talked with my poor friend, for I was by no means clear about the features of the lad we met in Piccadilly. But I was entirely unsuccessful, and I did not think it well to say any thing about the matter to Mr. Bathurst.

Poor Annie began to look thin and pale and sad. Her father made little secret to his intimate friends that his daughter was grieving after George Marcy, and that she could not be brought to believe in any explanation of his disappearance which could make him out unworthy. But her health was giving way; and in the winter her father took her to Nice, and thence to Rome.

Spring and summer came and passed; and autumn sent us all on our holiday tours. George Marcy had been more than a year gone. My wife and I went to Switzerland for a few days, and thence crossed the Alps, meaning to wander about a little in Lombardy, and pay a short visit to the Bathursts, who were now in Milan.

We were journeying one day over mountains and through valleys in a wretched carriage, and grew so tired that, although it was yet far from sunset, we made up our minds to rest in a little hamlet we saw on a hill-side not far off, and which looked quiet, smiling, and picturesque. But as we drew near a priest, who was walking along the road, stopped our driver and talked to him very earnestly; and then, addressing us, told us, in French, that there was a bad fever prevalent now in the village, that many persons were stricken down by it, and that we had better not enter the place. This was very kind of him, and we thanked him; but we really could not go on or go back—and I have all the obstinacy of ignorance in not believing that there is half as much danger of infection in such cases as people tell us. So, my wife being equally skeptical, and we both knowing something of Italian exaggeration, we insisted on at least passing through the village and making a short stay there to rest. The driver had his fears and objections; but they resolved themselves into a question of additional pay, and were removed.

We entered the village and drove up to the little tavern, or wine-house, round which the gossips and idlers were collected. There was no external sign of any thing very terrible going on; the village looked clean and thriving; there were hardly any beggars to be seen; and all the shops, such as they were, were open. But the landlord of the wine-house told us that there were several bad cases of fever—some victims had died yesterday, some were dying to-day.

"Here comes a poor youth, Signor," said the landlord, in a low tone, "whom the fever is likely to rob of his— Hush! Well, Giorgio, how is it now?"

This was addressed to a small, slight young man in the garb of an ordinary Lombard peasant who just then entered. I could not see his face, but his whole attitude and bearing denoted utter depression. He began to talk with the landlord in a low tone; and he got some wine in a little stone bottle and paid for it, and then turned to leave the shop. As he turned, my wife uttered a half-suppressed scream and caught me by the arm—and there before me, looking thin and haggard, and dressed like any ordinary peasant, stood poor George Edgar Marcy!

He came over to us and took one hand of each in his, and for a second or two said not a word. The first words he spoke were:

"Are you afraid of fever?"

"Not in the least," we both replied.

"Then come with me."

We followed him without a word down the village street until we reached a poor little cottage with a patch of vines and some mulberry-trees near it. He beckoned to us to enter, and we followed him into a small, miserably appointed room. There was a bed in it, on which lay a dark-haired young woman, who had evidently been handsome in her days of health, but now was prostrate in what seemed the last stage of exhaustion from fever.

"My wife!" said George. "My poor dying wife!"

We did not leave the village that day, nor for several days after. We did not leave it until the poor Italian girl had been laid to rest in the village grave-yard.

Gradually we learned from George the whole of his strange story. While living in Italy formerly he had come to spend some time in this village, and had fallen boyishly in love with the pretty girl who now lay dead. She was only a poor little ignorant peasant girl, but she had a native grace, simplicity, and beauty which naturally charmed an impulsive, eager, poetic boy. The girl was then living with her father. George and she exchanged some foolish vows of love and constancy, and his father summoned him home; and in London society the image of his poor little Lombard love was soon in a fair way to be wholly effaced. But it was only when he came to know Annie Bathurst—to know that he loved her, to believe that she loved him—it was only then that he began in sober earnest to repent his folly and his uncongenial engagement. The thought of that bond pressed cruelly on him. The night when he and I walked home together decided his fate. The Lombard organ-boy with whom he talked came from the very village in which his peasant love was living; and from the boy he heard that her father had been some time dead, and that she was living a lonely, poor, and miserable life. Then George made up his mind. He had pledged himself to her, and he would redeem his pledge at the cost of all the happiness, the purpose, the prospects of his life. So he went out, this brilliant, heedless, thoughtless young fellow, whom we all regarded as little better than a scape-grace, and knowing that to marry the girl was to pronounce upon himself a sentence of banishment from all he cared for on earth. He married her, brought her the little money he had, and settled down to live the life of a Lombard peasant. He would not write to Annie Bathurst—he said to himself that he had no right to address her, no right to say one word which might move her pity or induce her to regard him with indulgence or with any memory of love.

So he lived a life which he did not describe to me in deliberate words, but which I could well picture to myself—a life of dull, monotonous labor, with an ignorant, mindless, good-natured, bright-eyed peasant girl. They had one baby, which only lived a few hours. Then came the fever in the village, and poor George's soft and manly heart was torn with genuine grief when he stood by the death-bed of the poor creature who was his wife—who had been his love.

But his exile now had no further motive or excuse. We brought him to Milan with us—not telling him whom he was likely to meet there. And I believe poor George will be happy yet, and that Annie Bathurst will think none the worse of him for his boyish folly and his manly resolve to bear its consequences.

BEETHOVEN.

APROPOS to the great musical festival which opened in this city on Monday, the 13th of June, we give on our first page this week the portrait of the illustrious Composer in honor of whose memory the festival was held. BEETHOVEN ranks among the greatest of musical composers. Shut off from social intercourse by the infirmity of deafness, he sought refuge from mental depression in constant activity. In the catalogue of his works there is scarcely a branch of music in which he has not wrought. For the full orchestra he composed nine symphonies, eleven overtures, the Egmont music, the "Battle of Vittoria," and a number of smaller pieces. His contributions to chamber music were very numerous. There are thirty-two grand sonatas for the piano-forte solo, and more than one hundred other compositions. Two masses, one sacred cantata, and a number of songs, belong to his contributions to sacred music; and an opera, and a vast variety of songs, trios, etc., fill up the catalogue of his works.

His earliest compositions were pervaded by a pensiveness and longing, which became still more marked as he advanced in years, and was compelled to withdraw more and more within himself. The profound social and political agitation of the age in which he lived, the lofty aspirations, the sanguine hopes, the triumphs, as well as the griefs, the disappointment, and the despair of humanity, all found a more living expression in his works than in those of any other composer.

Our portrait of BEETHOVEN is taken from an admirable steel engraving kindly furnished us by Mr. THEODORE STROEFER, 859 Broadway.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HUNGRY Jew paying particular attention to a ham was asked what he was saying to it. He replied, "I was saying, 'almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

AN AGRICULTURAL ANGLE—A wheat corner.

"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort. "Had a little taste of it, sah." "Stood your ground, did you?" "No, sah; I runs." "Run at the first fire, did you?" "Yes, sah; would hab run sooner if I had known it was comin'." "Why, that's not very creditable to your courage." "Dat isn't my line, sah—cookin' my perfeshion." "Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?" "Reputation's nothing to me by the side ob life." "Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?" "It's worth more to me, sah."

If you ever find a stingy Quaker, make up to him; you will find him a close friend.

Vena and Minard had a slight misunderstanding one day, and Vena, fired with indignation against her big brother, kicked the cat. Johnny, who was Vena's favorite brother, saw the performance, and said, "Vena, that cat ain't all Minard's; it's part mine." "Well," said Vena, with a sort of self-satisfied air, "I kicked Minard's part."

A BAND OF HOPE—The Wedding Ring.

A little boy, running, stubbed his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a by-stander; "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Joe King was sick in a boarding-house, and made his mind up for some chicken broth. The order went down into the kitchen, and the broth came up weak, flat, and insipid. The sick man was subsequently relating his disappointment to a friend, who said, "They just let a chicken wade through it." "If they did," said Joe, faintly, "it had on stilts." He recovered.

PUDDING FOR LAWYERS—Suet.

"You don't do work enough to earn your salary," said the head of a department in the New York Custom-house to one of his clerks. "Work!" exclaimed the young man, "I worked to get here; surely you don't expect me to work any longer."

A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the post-office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said, "Guess I've done the thing slick. I seen a good many folks putting letters in the post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

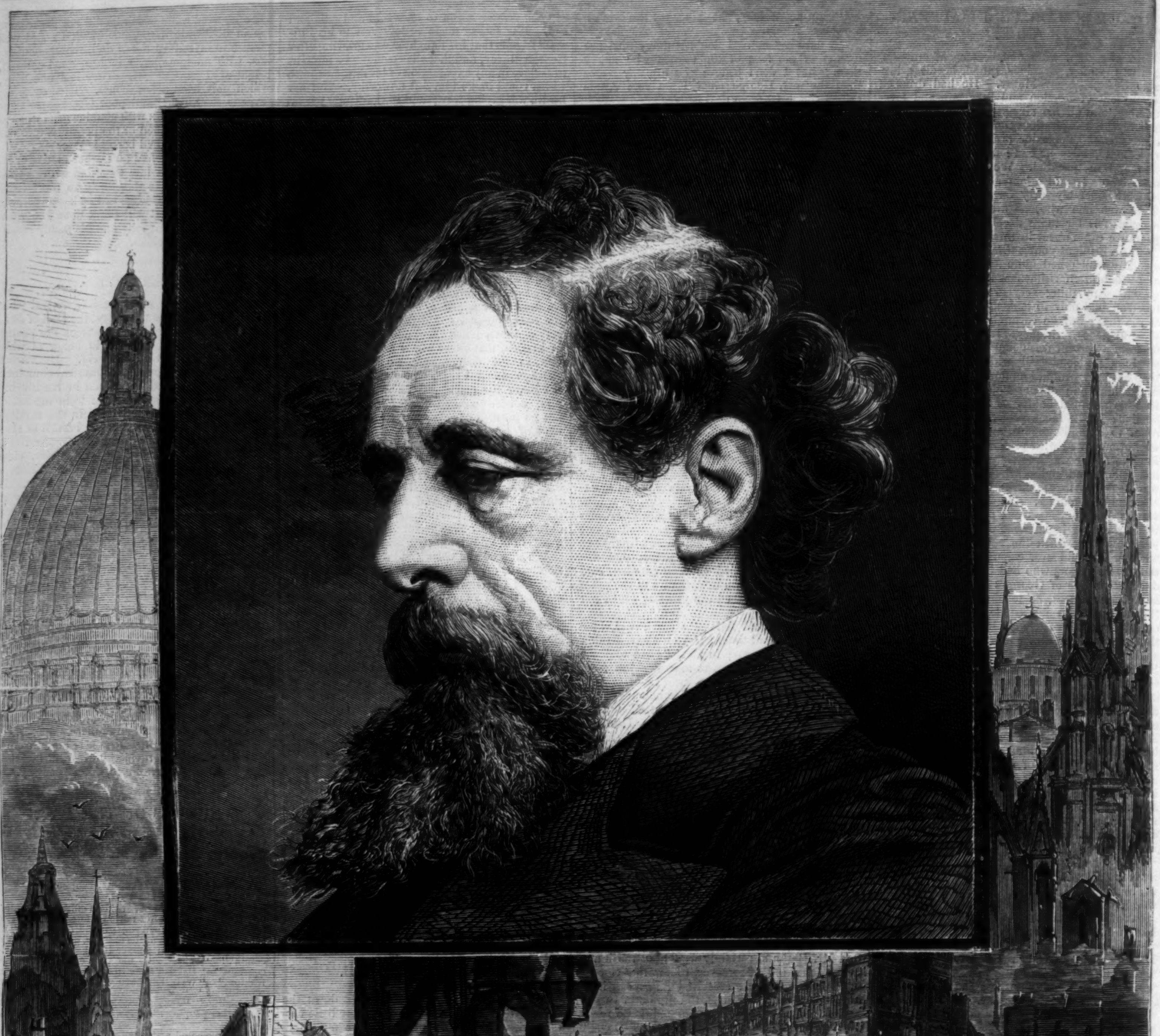
HANDY VOLUMES—Pocket-books.

GOOD ADVICE.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow." Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power. Write not one letter more than you can help; the man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr, tied, not to the stake, but to the post.

An Indiana husband advertised his wife as "leaving his bed and board," and then applied to her for a loan of a dollar and a half to pay for the advertisement.

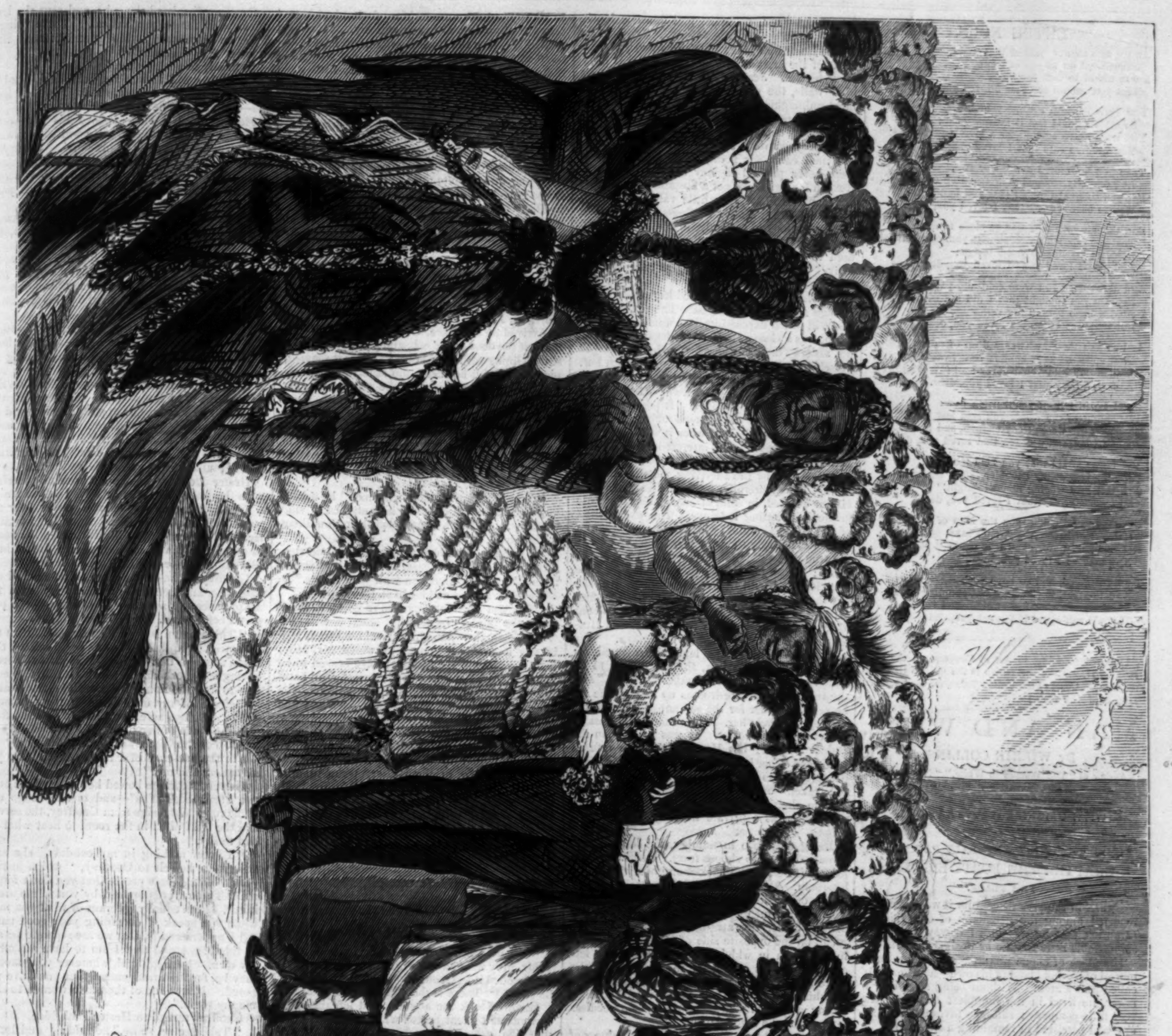
A young gentleman was recently asked to take something. He said he was not dry, but he would take the sixpence, which he accordingly pocketed, and walked off.

An exchange which wishes to avoid slang, delicately advises its belligerent neighbor to "imitate the example of the rivulet in time of a drought."



"I have always had and always shall have an earnest and true desire to contribute as far as in me lies to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she, and every beautiful object in external nature, claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread."

CHARLES DICKENS.



RECEPTION OF INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 412.]

ENTRE NOUS.

As we two slowly walked that night,
Silence fell on us—as of fear;
I was afraid to face the light,
Lest you should see that I loved you, dear.

You drew my arm against your heart,
So close I could feel it beating near;
You were brave enough for a lover's part—
You were so sure that I loved you, dear.

Then you murmured a word or two,
And tenderly stooped your listening ear;
For you thought that all that you had to do
Was to hear me say that I loved you, dear.

But, though your face was so close to mine
That you touched my cheek with your chestnut hair,
I wouldn't my lips to yours resign;
And yet—I loved you—I loved you, dear.

And all at once you were cold and pale,
Because you thought that I did not care;
I cried a little behind my veil—
But that was because I loved you, dear.

And so you thought 'twas a drop of rain
That splashed your hand? But 'twas a tear;
For then you said you'd never again
Ask me to say that I loved you, dear.

Well! I will tell—if you'll listen now:
I thought of the words you said last year;
How we girls weren't coy enough, and how
There were half a dozen that loved you, dear.

And I was afraid that you held me light,
And an imp at my shoulder said, "Beware!
He's just in a wooing mood to-night."
So I *wouldn't* say that I loved you, dear.

Not though I thought you the Man of men,
Chiefest of heroes, brave and rare;
Not though I never shall love again
Any man as I loved you, dear.

I have suffered, and so have you;
And to-night, if you were but standing here,
I'd make you an answer straight and true,
If you'd ask again if I loved you, dear.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIXTEENTH SCENE.—SALT PATCH.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

THE PLACE.

EARLY in the present century it was generally reported among the neighbors of one Reuben Limbrick that he was in a fair way to make a comfortable little fortune by dealing in Salt.

His place of abode was in Staffordshire, on a morsel of freehold land of his own—appropriately called Salt Patch. Without being absolutely a miser, he lived in the humblest manner; saw very little company; skillfully invested his money; and persisted in remaining a single man.

Toward eighteen hundred and forty he first felt the approach of the chronic malady which ultimately terminated his life. After trying what the medical men of his own locality could do for him, with very poor success, he met by accident with a doctor living in the western suburbs of London, who thoroughly understood his complaint. After some journeying backward and forward to consult this gentleman, he decided on retiring from business, and on taking up his abode within an easy distance of his medical man.

Finding a piece of freehold land to be sold in the neighborhood of Fulham, he bought it, and had a cottage residence built on it, under his own directions. He surrounded the whole—being a man singularly jealous of any intrusion on his retirement, or of any chance observation of his ways and habits—with a high wall, which cost a large sum of money, and which was rightly considered a dismal and hideous object by the neighbors. When the new residence was completed, he called it after the name of the place in Staffordshire where he had made his money, and where he had lived during the happiest period of his life. His relatives, failing to understand that a question of sentiment was involved in this proceeding, appealed to hard facts, and reminded him that there were no salt mines in the neighborhood. Reuben Limbrick answered, "So much the worse for the neighborhood"—and persisted in calling his property, "Salt Patch."

The cottage was so small that it looked quite lost in the large garden all round it. There was a ground-floor and a floor above it—and that was all.

On either side of the passage, on the lower floor, were two rooms. At the right-hand side, on entering by the front-door, there was a kitchen, with its outhouses attached. The room next to the kitchen looked into the garden. In Reuben Limbrick's time it was called the study, and contained a small collection of books and a large store of fishing-tackle. On the left-hand side of the passage there was a drawing-room situated at the back of the house, and communicating with a dining-room in the front. On the upper floor there were five bedrooms—two on one side of the passage, corresponding in size with the dining-room and the drawing-room below, but not opening into each other; three on the other side of the passage, consisting of one larger room in front, and of two small rooms at the back. All these were solidly and completely furnished. Money had not been spared, and workmanship had not been stinted. It was all substantial—and, up stairs and down stairs, it was all ugly.

The situation of Salt Patch was lonely. The lands of the market-gardeners separated it from other houses. Jealously surrounded by its own high walls, the cottage suggested, even to the most unimaginative persons, the idea of an asylum or a prison. Reuben Limbrick's relatives, occasionally coming to stay with him, found the place prey on their spirits, and rejoiced when the time came for going home again. They were never pressed to stay against their will. Reuben Limbrick was not a hospitable or a sociable man. He set very little value on human sympathy, in his attacks of illness; and he bore congratulations impatiently, in his intervals of health. "I care about nothing but fishing," he used to say. "I find my dog very good company. And I am quite happy as long as I am free from pain."

On his death-bed, he divided his money justly enough among his relations. The only part of his Will which exposed itself to unfavorable criticism, was a clause conferring a legacy on one of his sisters (then a widow) who had estranged herself from her family by marrying beneath her. The family agreed in considering this unhappy person as undeserving of notice or benefit. Her name was Hester Dethridge. It proved to be a great aggravation of Hester's offenses, in the eyes of Hester's relatives, when it was discovered that she possessed a life-interest in Salt Patch, and an income of two hundred a year.

Not visited by the surviving members of her family, living, literally, by herself in the world, Hester decided, in spite of her comfortable little income, on letting lodgings. The explanation of this strange conduct which she had written on her slate, in reply to an inquiry from Anne, was the true one. "I have not got a friend in the world: I dare not live alone." In that desolate situation, and with that melancholy motive, she put the house into an agent's hands. The first person in want of lodgings whom the agent sent to see the place was Perry the trainer; and Hester's first tenant was Geoffrey Delamayn.

The rooms which the landlady reserved for herself were the kitchen, the room next to it, which had once been her brother's "study," and the two small back bedrooms up stairs—one for herself, the other for the servant-girl whom she employed to help her. The whole of the rest of the cottage was to let. It was more than the trainer wanted; but Hester Dethridge refused to dispose of her lodgings—either as to the rooms occupied, or as to the period for which they were to be taken—on other than her own terms. Perry had no alternative but to lose the advantage of the garden as a private training-ground, or to submit.

Being only two in number, the lodgers had three bedrooms to choose from. Geoffrey established himself in the back-room, over the drawing-room. Perry chose the front-room, placed on the other side of the cottage, next to the two smaller apartments occupied by Hester and her maid. Under this arrangement, the front bedroom, on the opposite side of the passage—next to the room in which Geoffrey slept—was left empty, and was called, for the time being, the spare room. As for the lower floor, the athlete and his trainer ate their meals in the dining-room; and left the drawing-room, as a needless luxury, to take care of itself.

The Foot-Race once over, Perry's business at the cottage was at an end. His empty bedroom became a second spare room. The term for which the lodgings had been taken was then still unexpired. On the day after the race Geoffrey had to choose between sacrificing the money, or remaining in the lodgings by himself, with two spare bedrooms on his hands, and with a drawing-room for the reception of his visitors—who called with pipes in their mouths, and whose idea of hospitality was a pot of beer in the garden.

To use his own phrase, he was "out of sorts." A sluggish reluctance to face change of any kind possessed him. He decided on staying at Salt Patch until his marriage to Mrs. Glenarm (which he then looked upon as a certainty) obliged him to alter his habits completely, once for all. From Fulham he had gone, the next day, to attend the inquiry in Portland Place. And to Fulham he returned, when he brought the wife who had been forced upon him to her "home."

Such was the position of the tenant, and such were the arrangements of the interior of the cottage, on the memorable evening when Anne Silvester entered it as Geoffrey's wife.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

THE NIGHT.

ON leaving Lady Lundie's house, Geoffrey called the first empty cab that passed him. He opened the door, and signed to Anne to enter the vehicle. She obeyed him mechanically. He placed himself on the seat opposite to her, and told the man to drive to Fulham.

The cab started on its journey; husband and wife preserving absolute silence. Anne laid her head back wearily, and closed her eyes. Her strength had broken down under the effort which had sustained her from the beginning to the end of the inquiry. Her power of thinking was gone. She felt nothing, knew nothing, feared nothing. Half in faintness, half in slumber, she had lost all sense of her own terrible position before the first five minutes of the journey to Fulham had come to an end.

Sitting opposite to her, savagely self-concentrated in his own thoughts, Geoffrey roused himself on a sudden. An idea had sprung to life in his sluggish brain. He put his head out of the window of the cab, and directed the driver to turn back, and go to an hotel near the Great Northern Railway.

Resuming his seat, he looked furtively at Anne. She neither moved nor opened her eyes—she was, to all appearance, unconscious of what had happened. He observed her attentively. Was she really ill? Was the time coming when he would be freed from her? He pondered over that question—watching her closely. Little by little the vile hope in him slowly died away, and a vile suspicion took its place. What, if this appearance of illness was a pretense? What, if she was waiting to throw him off his guard, and escape from him at the first opportunity? He put his head out of the window again, and gave another order to the driver. The cab diverged from the direct route, and stopped at a public house in Holborn, kept (under an assumed name) by Perry the trainer.

Geoffrey wrote a line in pencil on his card, and sent it into the house by the driver. After waiting some minutes, a lad appeared and touched his hat. Geoffrey spoke to him, out of the window, in an under-tone. The lad took his place on the box by the driver. The cab turned back, and took the road to the hotel near the Great Northern Railway.

Arrived at the place, Geoffrey posted the lad close at the door of the cab, and pointed to Anne, still reclining with closed eyes; still, as it seemed, too weary to lift her head, too faint to notice any thing that happened. "If she attempts to get out, stop her, and send for me." With those parting directions he entered the hotel, and asked for Mr. Moy.

Mr. Moy was in the house; he had just returned from Portland Place. He rose, and bowed coldly, when Geoffrey was shown into his sitting-room.

"What is your business with me?" he asked.

"I've had a notion come into my head," said Geoffrey. "And I want to speak to you about it directly."

"I must request you to consult some one else. Consider me, if you please, as having withdrawn from all further connection with your affairs."

Geoffrey looked at him in stolid surprise.

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave me in the lurch?" he asked.

"I mean to say that I will take no fresh step in any business of yours," answered Mr. Moy, firmly. "As to the future, I have ceased to be your legal adviser. As to the past, I shall carefully complete the formal duties toward you which remain to be done. Mrs. Inchbare and Bishopriggs are coming here by appointment, at six this evening, to receive the money due to them before they go back. I shall return to Scotland myself by the night mail. The persons referred to, in the matter of the promise of marriage, by Sir Patrick, are all in Scotland. I will take their evidence as to the handwriting, and as to the question of residence in the North—and I will send it to you in written form. That done, I shall have done all. I decline to advise you in any future step which you propose to take."

After reflecting for a moment, Geoffrey put a last question.

"You said Bishopriggs and the woman would be here at six this evening."

"Yes."

"Where are they to be found before that?"

Mr. Moy wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and handed it to Geoffrey. "At their lodgings," he said. "There is the address."

Geoffrey took the address, and left the room. Lawyer and client parted without a word on either side.

Returning to the cab, Geoffrey found the lad steadily waiting at his post.

"Has any thing happened?"

"The lady hasn't moved, Sir, since you left her."

"Is Perry at the public house?"

"Not at this time, Sir."

"I want a lawyer. Do you know who Perry's lawyer is?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And where he is to be found?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get up on the box, and tell the man where to drive to."

The cab went on again along the Euston Road, and stopped at a house in a side-street, with a professional brass plate on the door. The lad got down, and came to the window.

"Here it is, Sir."

"Knock at the door, and see if he is at home."

He proved to be at home. Geoffrey entered the house, leaving his emissary once more on the watch. The lad noticed that the lady moved this time. She shivered as if she felt cold—opened her eyes for a moment wearily, and looked out through the window—sighed, and sank back again in the corner of the cab.

After an absence of more than half an hour Geoffrey came out again. His interview with Perry's lawyer appeared to have relieved his mind of something that had oppressed it. He once more ordered the driver to go to Fulham—opened the door to get into the cab—then, as it seemed, suddenly recollected himself—and, calling the lad down from the box, ordered him to get inside, and took his place by the driver.

As the cab started he looked over his shoulder at Anne through the front window. "Well worth trying," he said to himself. "It's the way to be even with her. And it's the way to be free."

They arrived at the cottage. Possibly, repose had restored Anne's strength. Possibly, the sight of the place had roused the instinct of self-preservation in her at last. To Geoffrey's surprise, she left the cab without assistance. When he opened the wooden gate, with his own key, she recoiled from it, and looked at him for the first time.

He pointed to the entrance.

"Go in," he said.

"On what terms?" she asked, without stirring a step.

Geoffrey dismissed the cab; and sent the lad in, to wait for further orders. These things done, he answered her loudly and brutally the moment they were alone:

"On any terms I please."

"Nothing will induce me," she said, firmly, "to live with you as your wife. You may kill me—but you will never bend me to that."

He advanced a step—opened his lips—and suddenly checked himself. He waited a while, turning something over in his mind. When he spoke again, it was with marked deliberation and constraint—with the air of a man who was repeating words put into his lips, or words prepared beforehand.

"I have something to tell you in the presence of witnesses," he said. "I don't ask you, or wish you, to see me in the cottage alone."

She started at the change in him. His sudden composure, and his sudden nicety in the choice of words, tried her courage far more severely than it had been tried by his violence of the moment before.

He waited her decision, still pointing through the gate. She trembled a little—steadied herself again—and went in. The lad, waiting in the front garden, followed her.

He threw open the drawing-room door, on the left-hand side of the passage. She entered the room. The servant-girl appeared. He said to her, "Fetch Mrs. Dethridge; and come back with her yourself." Then he went into the room, the lad, by his own directions, following him in; and the door being left wide open.

Hester Dethridge came out from the kitchen with the girl behind her. At the sight of Anne, a faint and momentary change passed over the stony stillness of her face. A dull light glimmered in her eyes. She slowly nodded her head. A dumb sound, vaguely expressive of something like exultation or relief, escaped her lips.

Geoffrey spoke—once more, with marked deliberation and constraint; once more, with the air of repeating something which had been prepared beforehand. He pointed to Anne.

"This woman is my wife," he said. "In the presence of you three, as witnesses, I tell her that I don't forgive her. I have brought her here—having no other place in which I can trust her to be—to wait the issue of proceedings, undertaken in defense of my own honor and good name. While she stays here, she will live separate from me, in a room of her own. If it is necessary for me to communicate with her, I shall only see her in the presence of a third person. Do you all understand me?"

Hester Dethridge bowed her head. The other two answered, "Yes"—and turned to go out. Anne rose. At a sign from Geoffrey, the servant and the lad waited in the room to hear what she had to say.

"I know nothing in my conduct," she said, addressing herself to Geoffrey, "which justifies you in telling these people that you don't forgive me. Those words applied by you to me are an insult. I am equally ignorant of what you mean when you speak of defending your good name. All I understand is, that we are separate persons in this house, and that I am to have a room of my own. I am grateful, whatever your motives may be, for the arrangement that you have proposed. Direct one of these two women to show me my room."

Geoffrey turned to Hester Dethridge.

"Take her up stairs," he said; "and let her pick which room she pleases. Give her what she wants to eat or drink. Bring down the address of the place where her luggage is. The lad here will go back by railway, and fetch it. That's all. Be off."

Hester went out. Anne followed her up the stairs. In the passage on the upper floor she stopped. The dull light flickered again for a moment in her eyes. She wrote on her slate, and held it up to Anne, with these words on it: "I knew you would come back. It's not over yet between you and him." Anne made no reply. She went on writing, with something faintly like a smile on her thin, colorless lips. "I know something of bad husbands. Yours is as bad a one as ever stood in shoes. He'll try you." Anne made an effort to stop her. "Don't you see how tired I am?" she said, gently. Hester Dethridge dropped the slate—looked with a steady and uncompassionate attention in Anne's face—nodded her head, as much as to say, "I see it now"—and led the way into one of the empty rooms.

It was the front bedroom, over the drawing-room. The first glance round showed it to be scrupulously clean, and solidly and tastelessly furnished. The hideous paper on the walls, the hideous carpet on the floor, were both of the best quality. The great heavy mahogany bedstead, with its curtains hanging from a hook in the ceiling, and with its clumsily carved head and foot on the same level, offered to the view the anomalous spectacle of French design overwhelmed by English execution. The most noticeable thing in the room was the extraordinary attention which had been given to the defense of the door. Besides the usual lock and key, it possessed two solid bolts, fastening inside at the top and the bottom. It had been one among the many eccentric sides of Reuben Limbrick's character to live in perpetual dread of thieves breaking into his cottage at night. All the outer doors and all the window shutters were solidly sheathed with iron, and had alarm-bells attached to them on a new principle. Every one of the bedrooms possessed its two bolts on the inner side of the door. And, to crown all, on the roof of the cottage was a little belfry, containing a bell large enough to make itself heard at the Fulham police station. In Reuben Limbrick's time the rope had communicated with his bedroom. It hung now against the wall, in the passage outside.

Looking from one to the other of the objects around her, Anne's eyes rested on the partition

wall which divided the room from the room next to it. The wall was not broken by a door of communication; it had nothing placed against it but a wash-hand-stand and two chairs.

"Who sleeps in the next room?" said Anne.

Hester Dethridge pointed down to the drawing-room in which they had left Geoffrey. Geoffrey slept in the room.

Anne led the way out again into the passage.

"Show me the second room," she said.

The second room was also in front of the house. More ugliness (of first-rate quality) in the paper and the carpet. Another heavy mahogany bedstead; but, this time, a bedstead with a canopy attached to the head of it—supporting its own curtains. Anticipating Anne's inquiry, on this occasion, Hester looked toward the next room, at the back of the cottage, and pointed to herself. Anne at once decided on choosing the second room; it was the farthest from Geoffrey. Hester waited while she wrote the address at which her luggage would be found (at the house of the musical agent), and then, having applied for and received her directions as to the evening meal which she should send up stairs, quitted the room.

Left alone, Anne secured the door, and threw herself on the bed. Still too weary to exert her mind, still physically incapable of realizing the helplessness and the peril of her position, she opened a locket that hung from her neck, kissed the portrait of her mother and the portrait of Blanche placed opposite to each other inside it, and sank into a deep and dreamless sleep.

Meanwhile Geoffrey repeated his final orders to the lad, at the cottage gate.

"When you have got the luggage, you are to go to the lawyer. If he can come here to-night, you will show him the way. If he can't come, you will bring me a letter from him. Make any mistake in this, and it will be the worst day's work you ever did in your life. Away with you, and don't lose the train."

The lad ran off. Geoffrey waited, looking after him, and turning over in his mind what had been done up to that time.

"All right, so far," he said to himself. "I didn't ride in the cab with her. I told her before witnesses I didn't forgive her, and why I had her in the house. I've put her in a room by herself. And if I *must* see her, I see her with Hester Dethridge for a witness. My part's done—let the lawyer do his."

He strolled round into the back garden, and lit his pipe. After a while, as the twilight faded, he saw a light in Hester's sitting-room on the ground-floor. He went to the window. Hester and the servant girl were both there at work.

"Well?" he asked. "How about the woman up stairs?" Hester's slate, aided by the girl's tongue, told him all about "the woman" that was to be told. They had taken up to her room tea and an omelet; and they had been obliged to wake her from a sleep. She had eaten a little of the omelet, and had drunk eagerly of the tea. They had gone up again to take the tray down. She had returned to the bed. She was not asleep—only dull and heavy. Made no remark. Looked clean worn out. We left her a light; and we let her be. Such was the report. After listening to it, without making any remark, Geoffrey filled a second pipe, and resumed his walk. The time wore on. It began to feel chilly in the garden. The rising wind swept audibly over the open lands round the cottage; the stars twinkled their last; nothing was to be seen overhead but the black void of night. More rain coming. Geoffrey went indoors.

An evening newspaper was on the dining-room table. The candles were lit. He sat down, and tried to read. No! There was nothing in the newspaper that he cared about. The time for hearing from the lawyer was drawing nearer and nearer. Reading was of no use. Sitting still was of no use. He got up, and went out in the front of the cottage—strolled to the gate—opened it—and looked idly up and down the road.

But one living creature was visible by the light of the gas-lamp over the gate. The creature came nearer, and proved to be the postman going his last round, with the last delivery for the night. He came up to the gate with a letter in his hand.

"The Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"All right."

He took the letter from the postman, and went back into the dining-room. Looking at the address by the light of the candles, he recognized the handwriting of Mrs. Glenarm. "To congratulate me on my marriage!" he said to himself, bitterly, and opened the letter.

Mrs. Glenarm's congratulations were expressed in these terms:

"MY ADORED GEOFFREY,—I have heard all. My beloved one! my own! you are sacrificed to the vilest wretch that walks the earth, and I have lost you! How is it that I live after hearing it? How is it that I can think, and write, with my brain on fire, and my heart broken! Oh, my angel, there is a purpose that supports me—pure, beautiful, worthy of us both. I live, Geoffrey—I live to dedicate myself to the adored idea of You. My hero! my first, last, love! I will marry no other man. I will live and die—I vow it solemnly on my bended knees—I will live and die true to You. I am your Spiritual Wife. My beloved Geoffrey! *she* can't come between us, there—*she* can never rob you of my heart's unalterable fidelity, of my soul's unearthly devotion. I am your Spiritual Wife! Oh, the blameless luxury of writing those words! Write back to me, beloved one, and say you feel it too. Vow it, idol of my heart, as I have vowed it. Unalterable fidelity! unearthly devotion! Never, never will I be the wife of any other man! Never, never will I forgive the woman who has come between us! Yours ever and only; yours with the stainless passion that burns on the altar of the heart; yours, yours, yours—E. G."

This outbreak of hysterical nonsense—in itself simply ridiculous—assumed a serious importance in its effect on Geoffrey. It associated the direct attainment of his own interests with the gratification of his vengeance on Anne. Ten thousand a year self-dedicated to him—and nothing to prevent his putting out his hand and taking it but the woman who had caught him in her trap, the woman up stairs who had fastened herself on him for life!

He put the letter into his pocket. "Wait till I hear from the lawyer," he said to himself. "The easiest way out of it is *that* way. And it's the law."

He looked impatiently at his watch. As he put it back again in his pocket there was a ring at the bell. Was it the lad bringing the luggage? Yes. And, with it, the lawyer's report? No. Better than that—the lawyer himself.

"Come in!" cried Geoffrey, meeting his visitor at the door.

The lawyer entered the dining-room. The candle-light revealed to view a corpulent, full-lipped, bright-eyed man—with a strain of negro blood in his yellow face, and with unmistakable traces in his look and manner of walking habitually in the dirtiest professional by-ways of the law.

"I've got a little place of my own in your neighborhood," he said. "And I thought I would look in myself, Mr. Delamayn, on my way home."

"Have you seen the witnesses?"

"I have examined them both, Sir. First, Mrs. Inchbare and Mr. Bishopriggs together. Next, Mrs. Inchbare and Mr. Bishopriggs separately."

"Well?"

"Well, Sir, the result is unfavorable, I am sorry to say."

"What do you mean?"

"Neither the one nor the other of them, Mr. Delamayn, can give the evidence we want. I have made sure of that."

"Made sure of that? You have made an infernal mess of it! You don't understand the case!"

The mulatto lawyer smiled. The rudeness of his client appeared only to amuse him.

"Don't I?" he said. "Suppose you tell me where I am wrong about it? Here it is in outline only. On the fourteenth of August last your wife was at an inn in Scotland. A gentleman named Arnold Brinkworth joined her there. He represented himself to be her husband, and he staid with her till the next morning. Starting from those facts, the object you have in view is to sue for a Divorce from your wife. You make Mr. Arnold Brinkworth the co-respondent. And you produce in evidence the waiter and the landlady of the inn. Any thing wrong, Sir, so far?"

Nothing wrong. At one cowardly stroke to cast Anne disgraced on the world, and to set himself free—there, plainly and truly stated, was the scheme which he had devised, when he had turned back on the way to Fulham to consult Mr. Moy.

"So much for the case," resumed the lawyer. "Now for what I have done on receiving your instructions. I have examined the witnesses; and I have had an interview (not a very pleasant one) with Mr. Moy. The result of those two proceedings is briefly this. First discovery: In assuming the character of the lady's husband, Mr. Brinkworth was acting under your directions—which tells dead against *you*. Second discovery: Not the slightest impropriety of conduct, not an approach even to harmless familiarity, was detected by either of the witnesses, while the lady and gentleman were together at the inn. There is literally no evidence to produce against them, except that they *were* together—in two rooms. How are you to assume a guilty purpose, when you can't prove an approach to a guilty act? You can no more take such a case as that into Court than you can jump over the roof of this cottage."

He looked hard at his client, expecting to receive a violent reply. His client agreeably disappointed him. A very strange impression appeared to have been produced on this reckless and headstrong man. He got up quietly; he spoke with perfect outward composure of face and manner when he said his next words.

"Have you given up the case?"

"As things are at present, Mr. Delamayn, there is no case."

"And no hope of my getting divorced from her?"

"Wait a moment. Have your wife and Mr. Brinkworth met nowhere since they were together at the Scotch inn?"

"Nowhere."

"As to the future, of course I can't say. As to the past, there is no hope of your getting divorced from her."

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Delamayn."

Fastened to her for life—and the law powerless to cut the knot.

He pondered over that result until he had thoroughly realized it and fixed it in his mind. Then he took out Mrs. Glenarm's letter, and read it through again, attentively, from beginning to end.

Nothing could shake her devotion to him. Nothing would induce her to marry another man. There she was—in her own words—dedicated to him: waiting, with her fortune at her own disposal, to be his wife. There also was his father, waiting (so far as *he* knew, in the absence of any tidings from Holchester House) to welcome Mrs. Glenarm as a daughter-in-law, and to give Mrs. Glenarm's husband an income of his own. As fair a prospect, on all sides, as man could desire. And nothing in the way of it but the woman who had caught him in her trap—the woman up stairs who had fastened herself on him for life.

He went out in the garden in the darkness of the night.

There was open communication, on all sides, between the back garden and the front. He walked round and round the cottage—now appearing in a stream of light from a window; now disappearing again in the darkness. The wind blew refreshingly over his bare head. For some minutes he went round and round, faster and faster, without a pause. When he stopped at last, it was in front of the cottage. He lifted his head slowly, and looked up at the dim light in the window of Anne's room.

"How?" he said to himself. "That's the question. How?"

He went indoors again, and rang the bell. The servant-girl who answered it started back at the sight of him. His florid color was all gone. His eyes looked at her without appearing to see her. The perspiration was standing on his forehead in great heavy drops.

"Are you ill, Sir?" said the girl.

He told her, with an oath, to hold her tongue and bring the brandy. When she entered the room for the second time, he was standing with his back to her, looking out at the night. He never moved when she put the bottle on the table. She heard him muttering as if he was talking to himself.

The same difficulty which had been present to his mind in secret under Anne's window was present to his mind still.

How? That was the problem to solve. How?

He turned to the brandy, and took counsel of that.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE well recognized cry of "Straw-ber-*ries!* straw-ber-*ries!*" was heard some time ago in the streets of our city, yet a glimpse any morning into Fulton, Washington, or any of our up-town markets, will show that this luscious fruit is by no means gone. Somebody has said that doubtless God *might* have made a better berry than the strawberry, but that He never did. We certainly feel exceedingly content with the rich varieties so tempting and grateful to the palate, which are offered for sale every morning—red, ripe, and fresh. Yet every thing in the vegetable world is good in its season, and the raspberries, blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, melons, pears, plums, peaches, etc., which follow strawberries, will not fail to be appreciated. Perhaps one reason why we place an extra value on the strawberry is because it comes first, when, weary of preserved and canned fruits, we long for what is fresh from Nature's laboratory.

"Red Cloud," the Indian Chief, evidently regards fashionable costume as an absurdity. He is reported to have burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter when he first saw the ladies of Washington in street costume. Well, it is not strange. Ladies themselves will laugh in 1875 at the fashion plates of 1870.

A very pleasant excursion party, consisting of three hundred California school-teachers, accompanied by a number of friends, left San Francisco on the 28th of May, and arrived at this city on the 5th of June, having made the trip in seven days and four hours. This is the largest party that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. The excursionists came through in a special train of eight splendid Silver Palace and Pullman sleeping cars, without accident or delay. They were accompanied by James Denman, Superintendent of Public Schools of San Francisco, and John Swett, ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California. From Omaha they came by way of the Burlington and Missouri River and the Pennsylvania Central Railroads. The excursion rates were $140 for the round trip, exclusive of sleeping cars.

An interesting relic was lately exhibited at the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting in this city. It was the old parish Bible which for over a century lay in the pulpit of Epworth Church, England, and from which Rev. Samuel Wesley and his son, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached so long. It has just come into this country, and is now in the possession of Rev. William H. Boole, with the documents which tell its ancient history. Mr. Boole designs that it shall go into the library of some Methodist college in the United States, to be there preserved for future generations; and any money that he may make on it is to go to the maintenance of his Water Street Mission.

The French Academy of Fine Arts has just fallen into "good luck." The Comtesse De Caen, dying without direct heirs, has bequeathed to it half her fortune, which amounts to upward of £13,000 a year. Strange to say, however, the Countess did not word her will correctly, bequeathing the money to the "Institut des Beaux Arts," which does not exist at all. The Institute of France comprises five different academies, beginning with the Académie Française, and ending with the Académie des Beaux Arts. Upon this mistake the Ecole des Beaux Arts has built a claim. But the Ecole is a governmental system, while the Institute is free and independent; and as the Countess was known to object to governmental systems her meaning must be plain. By this lady's beneficence, also, all the young painters and sculptors who have won the Prix de Rome are to receive, during four years after their return from the Eternal City, a pension of four thousand francs to help them through the difficult time of their *débuts;* and architects are to have three thousand. A gallery of fine arts, bearing her name, is to be established in Paris; and a large sum has been apportioned to the purchase of works of art.

A brave woman is Mrs. Flinn, of Detroit; and although poor and uneducated, and obliged to wash for her daily bread, she has a most heroic spirit. One evening, when carrying some linen to a soldier at the fort near the river, she heard cries of distress, and saw forms struggling in the water a short distance from shore. She perceived that they were boys, and were floating down, clinging to a capsized skiff. Mrs. Flinn first looked for a boat, but finding none seized a board and pushed into the stream. The water almost floated her from her perch; but she rapidly neared the boys, cheering them through the gloom to hold on. When she reached the skiff she made the boys take firmer hold, and in some almost miraculous manner—for she could not swim—pushed the boat to shore and took them off. The lads were about thirteen years old, and, being thoroughly chilled when rescued, would doubtless have perished but for the energetic courage of this brave woman.

Among the many interesting incidents which occurred during the late Masonic festival was the following: Late in the afternoon, when the Committee visited the corner-stone to see if it had been properly sealed up, they found in the hands of the police guarding it $92 11 in money and a number of gold finger-rings, which had been thrown voluntarily upon the stone by men, women, and children, thus showing their appreciation of the labors of the craft in the cause of charity. The entire amount was in small sums ranging from one cent to a dollar bill.

The French preserve eggs by rubbing them with fresh butter. The Russians pack them in crocks, the small end down, and pour melted tallow over them.

A wondrous triumph has been achieved by the Baronne Almaury de Maistre in the complete adoption of her opera at Brussels. Madame De Maistre is already well known as a composer of sacred music. Her "Stabat Mater" has been performed in every great church in Paris, and her "Requiem" is adopted for the burial services by most of the *maîtres*. But the opera of "Les Roussalkas" is her first theatrical work, and has astonished all composers, who have declared that feminine intellect could never rise to the painting of a master-piece or the composition of an opera. The libretto of "Les Roussalkas" is charming, founded on a Russian legend of Ondines. The King and Queen of the Belgians, with the whole court, attended the first performance, and have repeated their visit to the opera many times.

A fearful report of the plague of grasshoppers comes from Cathay Valley, California—700,000,000 to the square foot is the estimate!

About eighty men are employed in this city as letter-carriers. Many of these have been soldiers. They are engaged in delivering mails from seven in the morning until five in the evening—there being nine daily deliveries. The present Superintendent of the New York Dead Letter Department has been connected with the Post-office for over forty years. Formerly he was Superintendent of the Carriers' Department. The oldest *attaché* of the Post-office is Colonel Dodd, he having held office for upward of fifty-four years. At one time he used to carry the whole Southern mail on his back, and cross the North River with it in a flat-boat pulled by himself. Subsequently the mail matter increased so that he was compelled to use a wheel-barrow.

After all, if young ladies would only believe it, there is nothing more likely to please a sensible man than to see in a woman not only an ability to do common things well, but a graceful willingness to turn her hands to whatever circumstances render necessary. It is related of the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein that, on his return from a scientific voyage which had lasted for several years, he found his library in a state of great disorder. He asked his steward to recommend some one who would rearrange it. The steward mentioned a young lady who acted as companion to his wife. This young person, Mlle. Carmelita Elisenblatt, is the daughter of a merchant at Calcutta, who was formerly in wealthy circumstances; but on his meeting with a reverse of fortune the children were obliged to earn their own living, and the young lady in question had even appeared on the stage. She accepted the proposals made to her, and on entering upon her duties the Prince found her so well educated and so intelligent that he was quite charmed, and at last made her an offer of marriage. The union has probably taken place before this time; and the bridegroom applied to the King of Prussia for permission to lay aside his princely rank and assume the title of Count De Boer, so that the marriage shall not be a morganatic one.

The M'Farland trial, or rather the incidents that caused it, have been worked up into a four-act drama, interspersed with comic songs, for a San Francisco theatre.

Brigham Young, in a recent discourse in the New Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, remarked that a few years ago it took about sixteen yards of cloth to make a lady a dress, for she wanted a considerable quantity to drag in the streets. Now, he supposed, they make their dresses out of five yards and a half, and have an abundance left for an apron! Evidently, Brigham Young knows nothing about dress-making.

Do not chew tobacco if there is any chance of your being sun-struck while the weed is in your mouth! A young man in Cincinnati had his mouth well stored with tobacco, when he was so suddenly sun-struck that he swallowed the cud. His life was scarcely saved.

The so-called "Sleeping Beauty of Tennessee" has another less romantic name—Susan Caroline Godsay. Her story, as given by local papers, is briefly as follows: When about four years old she was taken sick with what was supposed to be chills and fever; but the skill of physicians was baffled. At the end of two years she fell into a nervous sleep, from which she has not woke since for a longer time than twelve minutes. She usually sleeps soundly from eleven o'clock at night until about six in the morning, and through the day wakes about once an hour. During her waking spells she speaks pleasantly and intelligently, answers promptly any question asked her, and appears quite happy and contented. One of the strangest points of this strange case is seemingly total absence of any thing like respiration. A piece of the finest polished glass held to her lips fails to disclose the slightest breath. Her pulse is perfectly still, and but for a nervous and tremulous motion of the body, which never ceases, you might at any time call her dead. She has grown during her affliction from a little child to about the average height of her sex, and weighs ninety-six pounds; and although her body and hands show her very poor in flesh, her face is full and smooth, and her features well developed and beautiful. She is about twenty-five years old, and is tenderly watched over by her widowed mother.

A German translation of Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks," in four volumes, has appeared in Berlin.

A spoonful of powdered charcoal dropped into the water in which a bouquet is kept will preserve the flowers fresh for several days.

THE PLAYMATES.—[From a Painting by J. Hayllar.]

THE PLAYMATES.

Mr. Hayllar, the painter of this pleasant picture, is an English artist who has made the representation of child life and character a specialty—rarely attempting more ambitious subjects. The picture we have engraved presents a freshness and vivacity of treatment well suited to the theme with which it deals. The subject itself requires no comment. It will remind many readers, no doubt, of Wordsworth's beautiful description of a kitten with falling leaves, which we quote for the benefit of those who do not happen to have a volume of his poems at hand. The poem is an autumn reverie; but the lines we copy apply just as well to this pretty midsummer picture. Watching the falling leaves, the kindly poet thus beautifully mingles imagination and description:

Eddying round and round, they sink
Slowly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Fairy hither tending—
To this lower world descending—
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts,
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow.
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap, half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go again, and then
Has it in her power again.
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror;
Quick as he in feat of art—
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over-happy to be proud—
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

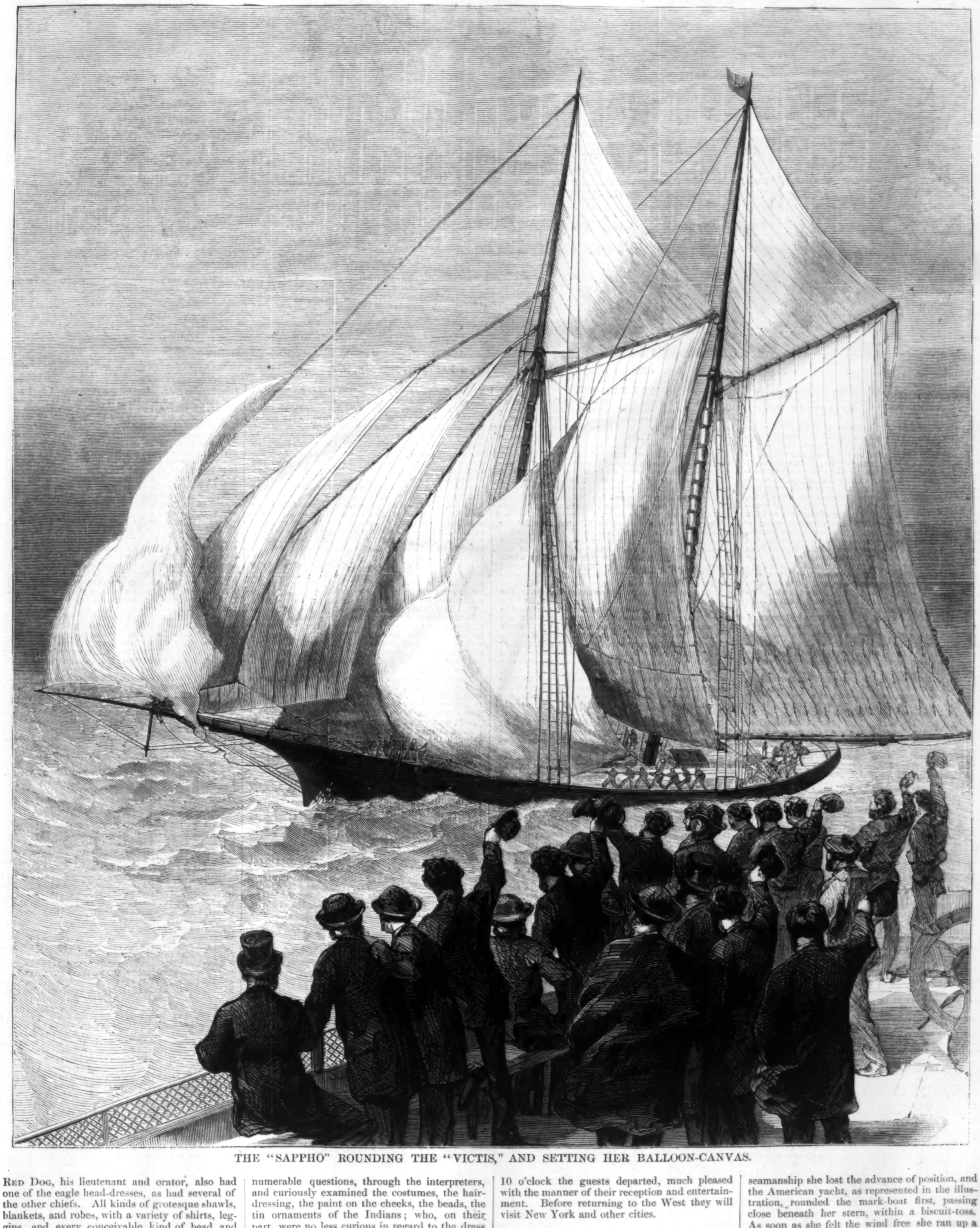
The skill of the artist is surely not ill employed upon subjects like those selected by Mr. Hayllar, which address themselves to the more genial instincts of human nature, and convey a harmless enjoyment to thousands who would take far less interest in works of a more ambitious character.

INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

On the evening of June 6 a grand Indian reception took place at the White House, of which we give an illustration on page 409. The members of the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, and a large number of other dignitaries, with their ladies, were present; and the Blue, Green, and Red rooms were crowded by the brilliant assemblage. The ladies were attired in magnificent summer reception and levée costumes, and the gentlemen were in full party dress.

The Indian delegation were received in the East Room by Commissioner Parker. Spotted Tail, with his three braves, were seated at the northeast end of the room, and Red Cloud, and his party of a dozen men and four squaws,

were seated on the east side. SPOTTED TAIL and his braves, says an eye-witness, were dressed in blue blankets, white leggins, white shirts, and with each a single eagle feather adorned the back of the hair. Their faces were painted with the war-paint, and all the bead and feather trinkets of the body and legs were used. RED CLOUD was horribly painted—neck, face, and head. He wore a grotesque head piece, made of eagle feathers, and attached or sewed into red flannel. This was trailed down from the head to the very ground, and was not only odd, but beautiful. and RED CLOUD and the other Indians followed, and shook hands with every lady and gentleman in the room. By the ladies it seemed to be especially enjoyed. They had no fear of RED CLOUD and SPOTTED TAIL, with their gloved hands; and they appeared to enjoy the huge hand-shaking they gave and received from the sons of the forest. They all—young and old, single and married—seemed to forget for the moment the rules and restrictions of polite society, and gave themselves up to the thorough enjoyment of the strange scene. They put in- of the delicacies of civilized life with evident relish, and ate very freely of cakes and ices. The President and Mrs. GRANT and the other ladies and gentlemen helped the guests to the unwonted viands. Judge HOAR and Secretary ROBESON paid special attention to the squaws—cutting cake, handing them nick-nacks, etc. One of these squaws took from the President a bonbon and a French "kiss;" and, taking her pocket-book from her bosom, placed them in it, and returned her pocket-book to its hiding-place, amidst general laughter from the whites. About was made under very unfavorable circumstances. There was almost a dead calm; and the two vessels lay chafing like thorough-breds at their enforced inactivity, and, although their helms were down, and their fore-sheets to windward, contriving, nevertheless, to forge ahead. Then the gun was fired; in a moment, as it were, the sails were set, and the *Sappho* seemed literally to leap away. Presently a heavy fog came on, and for some time hid the rival vessels from sight. At length it lifted, when the *Cambria* appeared to windward of the *Sappho;* but, by an error in



THE "SAPPHO" ROUNDING THE "VICTIS," AND SETTING HER BALLOON-CANVAS.

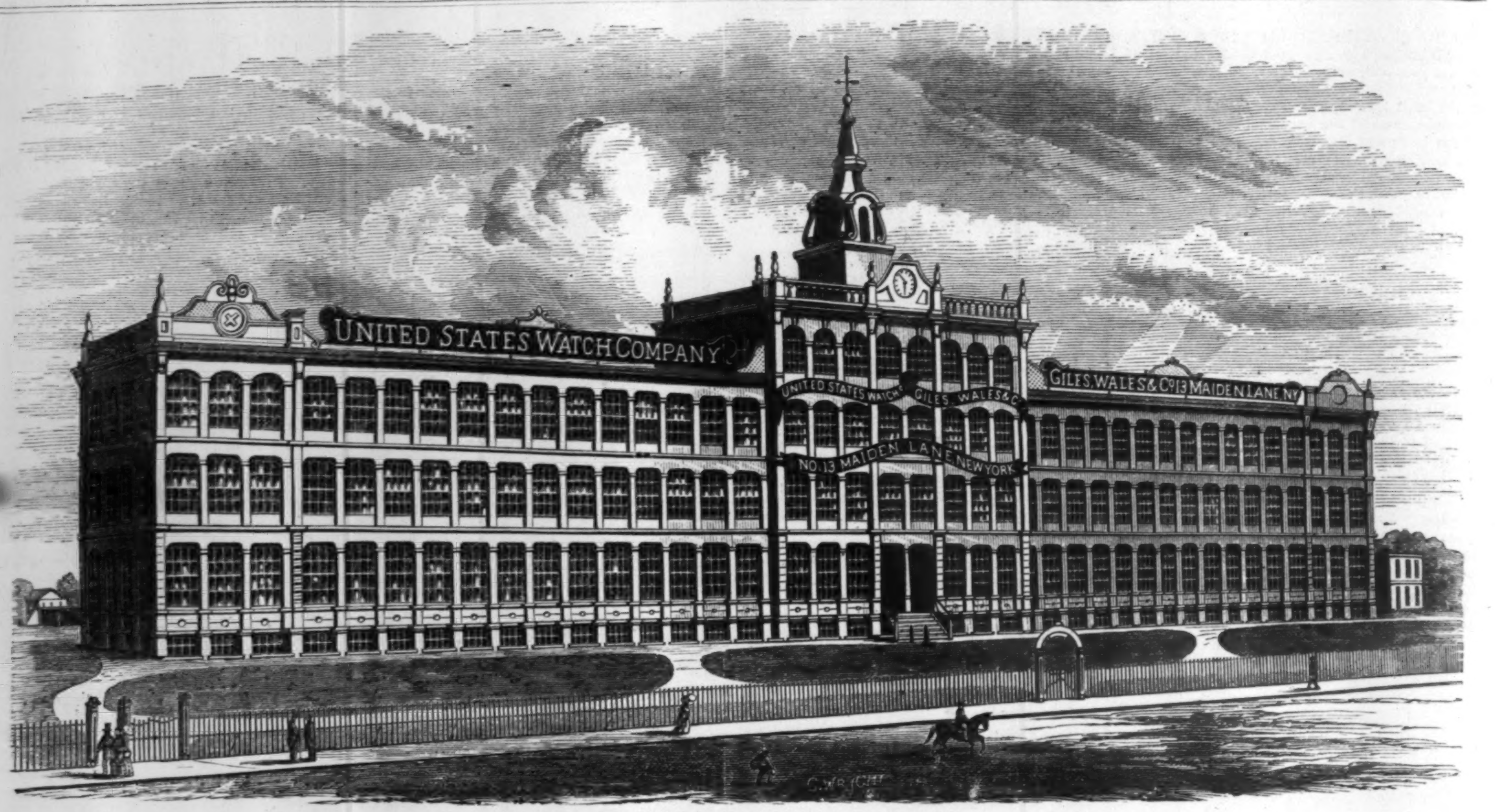
RED DOG, his lieutenant and orator, also had one of the eagle head-dresses, as had several of the other chiefs. All kinds of grotesque shawls, blankets, and robes, with a variety of shirts, leggins, and every conceivable kind of bead and trinket adornment, were brought into use by RED CLOUD and his band. The squaws wore short dresses, high bodies or shirts, and their cheeks, nose, and forehead were thickly covered with red paint.

The introduction to the President and the rest of the company present is described as having been very amusing. Commissioner PARKER led, numerable questions, through the interpreters, and curiously examined the costumes, the hair-dressing, the paint on the cheeks, the beads, the tin ornaments of the Indians; who, on their part, were no less curious in regard to the dress and more brilliant ornaments of the whites. Both ranks were soon broken, and from every part of the room rose laughter and exclamations of wonder and admiration as something strange or ludicrous struck the eye.

A handsome evening entertainment in the state dining-room closed the reception. It was noticed that our barbarian brethren partook 10 o'clock the guests departed, much pleased with the manner of their reception and entertainment. Before returning to the West they will visit New York and other cities.

THE "SAPPHO" AND THE "CAMBRIA."

THIS illustration represents the most exciting moment during the progress of the third race between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria*. The start in this race, as our readers may remember, seamanship she lost the advance of position, and the American yacht, as represented in the illustration, rounded the mark-boat first, passing close beneath her stern, within a biscuit-toss. As soon as she felt the wind free she ran up a cloud of canvas (she is represented in the act of setting her balloon-jib and her main-topmast stay-sail), and tore away at a wonderful rate. These precious three minutes enabled the *Sappho* to win the race with ease, and to round the mark-boat in triumph, while the *Cambria*, full a mile astern, lay becalmed and struggling vainly against the ebb-tide.



UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY'S FACTORY, MARION, N. J.

UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY.—GILES, WALES, & CO.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we devote ourselves to this sketch of one of the most enterprising firms that this country can boast, and, as individuals, they are entitled to the thanks of the whole country for the locating and perfecting of an establishment that entirely relieves us of the necessity of sending to Europe to possess a time-piece, which, when obtained, is oftentimes inaccurate, or in some other particular defective. This has been done away with, however, and through the efforts of the senior member, F. A. Giles, Esq., the name of the firm and the American manufacturer has been placed in a higher niche, and has received the highest possible honors, not only from the appreciative of this country, but from the skillful and ingenious of all classes, and from all parts of the world. It will be a matter of surprise to many when we inform them that F. A. Giles, Esq., the head and front of this monster institution, is a young man, only 33 years of age, and yet is the controlling mind—the planner, the inventor, the originator, and completer of one of the grandest enterprises ever conceived in this our time.

When it is considered that Mr. Giles had none of the advantages of wealth or influence to assist him in the furtherance of his schemes but his own indomitable will, the brilliant success he has achieved well deserves the plaudits he has received, and which the world is always ready to bestow on the man who is bold and honest enough to devote his life to the interests and well-being of all who surround or may be brought in contact with him.

Mr. Giles spent several years as salesman in the employ of Platt & Bro., where he projected and founded the present house of Giles, Wales, & Co., embracing W. A. Wales, Esq. (who at that time had charge of the New York office of Messrs. Rogers Smith, & Co.), his younger brother, F. S. Giles, and his brother-in-law, G. C. F. Wright, Esq. It was at this juncture that he conceived the idea of making watches by machinery, and organized the now justly-celebrated United States Watch Co., and the Marion Building Co., with a view not only to provide houses for the families of the operatives, but, by purchasing and improving a very large tract of land, to reap the benefit of the great increase in the value of real estate caused by building these extensive works thereon.

Mr. Giles being left an orphan at the age of eight years, and being the oldest male member of a family of seven children, it became incumbent on him, with his eldest sister, to provide for and to superintend the education of the rest. Feeling his responsibilities as a son and a brother, he determined on learning the manufacturing of watch-work, with the idea, at some future day, of controlling the destinies of a watch manufactory. After perfecting his mechanical studies and starting business in this city, he made a trip to Europe, and there laid the foundation for the furtherance of his early-laid plans. On his return he commissioned his younger brother, who at that time had no practical knowledge of the business, to carry out the project as he had formed it, in the prosecution of the Swiss branch, until he could mature his plans here, at which time he intended to withdraw and instruct him in this country in the manufacturing of watches by machinery, and of which the European manufacturer had no knowledge. One year ago he was withdrawn and placed in position to superintend the interests of the manufactory, now completed, and which stands to-day a monument to the skill and determination of its worthy head. There are few men possessing the capabilities of Mr. F. A. Giles as a business man; he wields the vast interests and details of this establishment with perfect ease, and being practical in every department, he watches closely and jealously guards the utmost minutiæ of the business, so that at all times the public can feel safe, and the firm more than proud of the estimation so justly placed by the world at large on the watches manufactured by them.

W. A. Wales, Esq., is one of those gentlemen who, once met, is not easily forgotten. Having experienced all the disadvantages possible in his early efforts to rise, he is always ready to cheer and encourage the young man striving to win himself position. Active of limb and vigorous of intellect, he has exerted both mind and body to the furtherance of any and every plan suggested for the good and interest of the business, and, in so doing, has rendered the association one of pleasure as well as profit to all concerned.

In G. C. F. Wright, Esq., the junior member of the firm, we find all the elements of the true business man. Bold and determined in the prosecution of trade, genial, generous, and decided in character, he has won himself a host of friends, both in active and private life. Those coming under his immediate control are always subjects of his personal interest, while all with whom he is brought in contact exclaim: "*It is good to know him.*" Each and all of the partners working in a common cause, bearing with each other's peculiarities, and willing at all times to accept the rulings of the senior member, F. A. Giles, they have, through his indefatigable labors, carved themselves out a name that will shine brighter and brighter as the beauties of American mechanism are held up for general admiration by these worthy gentlemen.

THE FACTORY.

There is no doubt about this being the largest as well as the model manufactory in the world. It is located at Marion, New Jersey, only fifteen minutes distant from New York, and is on the line of the New Jersey Railroad. The principal building is 253 feet in length, is built almost entirely of iron and glass, and is remarkable in its construction in point of light and ventilation. The grounds of the establishment comprise three or more acres, are beautifully laid out, and, being surrounded by a unique iron fence, it has more the appearance of a private palace than a hive of industry in which are employed more than four hundred souls, turning out about one hundred of the company's celebrated watches daily.

The great care exhibited by this company for the comfort of their employés is a credit to them, and is pre-eminently ahead of any other manufactory in this country in this particular. The building is in the form of a T, the design of which excites the admiration of all who are so fortunate as to see it, and the interior arrangements are perfect for the convenience and comfort of all concerned. Sets of pipes, of which there are a number arranged throughout the building, are used respectively for light, heat, and the supplying of water. Great care has been exercised in guarding against accident by fire, every room and hallway being supplied with fire-hose, so that every floor can be drenched almost immediately, if necessary. The toilet arrangements for the vast number of employés are perfect: hot and cold water, with abundance of room and light, serve to make this one of the pleasantest rooms in the building, and could be copied with advantage by many employers throughout the country. The sanitary arrangements are complete; the consequences of which are health and cheerfulness expressed by every one engaged in the establishment.

The first floor of the centre building is occupied by the offices, which are located on each side of the hallway, in the centre of the building, and by the machine shops and forwarding room.

The basement is devoted to the engine room, the smiths' shop, hardening room, punching room, and other portions that are set aside for the storage of materials used in the business. The engine used is 80-horse power, was built by the Putnam Machine Company of Fitchburg, Mass., and is, in itself, a triumph of mechanical skill. The boilers, of which there are two, are the well-known "Harrison." On this floor the heavy work is performed, all the parts being wrought in shape from the crude materials; there is also storage for the various tools used in punching into shape all the parts and movements of a watch. Where steel enters in the construction of a watch, the American only is used, as that has been found by actual test to be the only article that *can* be used with any degree of reliability, the imported article, many times, having defects that condemn it entirely. The only imported articles used by The United States Watch Company are the precious stones for jeweling the movements and the enamel used in making the dials. In the room set aside for the use of mechanics in the construction of machinery used in the establishment, there is a corps of some 25 men, whose sole business is to construct and keep in repair the various machines throughout the building, of which there are something like 500, and, with but few exceptions, not two alike, each one of which has been designed and adapted for an especial purpose. Some of the machines are novelties, performing as they do various portions of the work. The duties of one particular machine used are various, yet, in its performance of them all, it is *faultless*. On this machine are made the steady-pins of the watch: the wire, being fed in the machine, it is cut off, headed, the thread cut, and screwed in its position simultaneously; while in some other cases, so minute is the work, and so elaborately must it be performed, that a dozen machines aid in its completion.

In the centre of the second floor the office of the superintendent is situated, and in which the private drawings are kept. The drawings of all parts of the movements are on an enlarged scale, and upon which are marked the measurements of the private standard guage that is used by this company. So accurate is this machine that the very smallest possible fraction of difference can be divined, even to the twenty-fifth thousandth part of an inch. To make this more plain, and to show the exactness required on the part of every movement, we will say that the finest hair from the human head will show by this unerring finger a difference of one-half inch.

The process of making the compensating balances is one of interest; they are made of brass and steel, with gold screws, and to complete them requires the services of many experts before they can be finished. The operation of making and polishing the *pallet jewels*, which are of fine ruby, is one of great delicacy, giving, as they do with their *perfect angles*, impulse through the fork to the vibrations of the balance. When we consider that it takes fully *one hundred thousand* of these to weigh *one* pound, or more than *eight thousand to a single ounce*, we are indeed at fault whether to admire the perfection of the work or applaud the genius who conceived the manner in which it is done. Impossible as this statement may seem to the uninitiated, there are still greater wonders performed. Steel screws, perfect in every particular—head, slot, and thread—yet so small that it takes more than *five hundred thousand* of them to weigh a pound, or more than *forty thousand* to a single ounce! and to be seen to advantage the eye must be aided by a magnifying glass of some power.

The facility with which the precious stones are cut up and worked is astonishing, when we consider their extreme hardness and brittle nature; but ingenuity has again displayed itself and been brought to bear especially upon this point, and every obstacle overcome, so that the hardest stone is worked with comparative ease. Among the stones used for jeweling purposes are the ruby, sapphire, Spanish topaz, garnet, chrysolite, and aqua-marine, the more valuable of which are used in the higher grade of watch. The process of working these gems is one requiring great care, and they undergo many operations before they are brought to an acceptable condition. To make the *roller jewels*, working in the slot of the fork, the rough stone is first sawn into slabs, after which it is sawn into squares; they are then taken to the lathe and turned with diamond-pointed tools, then polished by means of diamond powder, and when completed the subject of all this labor is but one-sixteenth of an inch in length, and about the thickness of a very fine needle.

On the third floor the "motion room" is situated. In this room all the "motion works" are fitted, including the main-spring barrels, the winding and the stop works. One peculiarity in the construction is in being able to take out the barrel without taking apart the whole movement: affording great facility for putting in a new main spring. The jewels for the pivot holes are prepared, and the *trains* for jeweling and the insertion of the jewels are here performed. Then comes the enameling, marking the figures, gilding the plates, etc., all of which require the utmost skill and perpetual vigilance The process of "*damaskeening*," known only by this firm, is performed with locked doors, as also the room devoted to experimenting. In examining some of the finer movements made by this company, we find them made entirely of *nickel*; their beauty of finish excited our special admiration, and it is on this class of work that the *damaskeening* is shown in all its beauty. The work finished in this style has the appearance of watered silk, and far surpasses any thing of the kind ever before attempted.

The fourth floor may be denominated the great work-room of the establishment. Here the different parts, numbering 400 or more to each watch, are brought for final adjustment, and are tested with reference to the effect of heat, cold, position, and "*isochronism.*" This means the equalizing of its driving power, so that at the end of a number of hours there will be no perceptible difference in its running. This is something that has taxed the ingenuity of many, but has been left for the genius of this house to perfect. It is well understood that the main spring, when first wound, possesses a greater propelling power than when it is nearly run down, for the strength of the spring is spent, and the movement must of a necessity be slower; yet when the balance spring is properly made and isochronized, its vibrations are continually the same, and a perfect uniformity is attained. The testing of a watch is made every twelve hours, and the slightest variations detected and remedied before the watch is permitted to leave the adjusting-room.

In this room are two pieces of apparatus for the performance of the final test. One of these two apparatuses is cooled by means of ice, so that the temperature is reduced to zero; the other has sheet-iron apartments, and heated until it has attained 100 degrees, in which the watch must run alternately, without any variation in time. The time consumed in this test is about one week; but a greater perfection is obtained than can be gained in six months by any of the methods practiced in Europe.

After the adjustment the works are sent to the company's salesroom, Messrs. Giles, Wales, & Co., No. 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y. This repository is worthy a visit, and no one that is in the business, coming to this city, who contemplates purchasing, should fail to see the Aladdin-like wonders kept in store. Novelties of every description in the watch trade greet the eye, some of which are of exceeding great value. Here are watches richly embellished with various kinds of valuable stones, some whose cases are fairly incrusted with diamonds, and bearing in design and color birds and flowers, as like as if they had been placed there by the pencil of the artist. Then we see watches, incased in plain solid gold, some of which are marvels in point of construction, possessing every device to make them useful as well as ornamental. A few points of one watch we saw were admirable, viz.: the watch is wound without a key (a stem-winder, which, by the way, is a specialty of this house, and for which several patents are held; they are the most simple and the only practical ones yet produced, and eventually will be the only style of watch that will have favor with the public); the hands are set also from the stem; it strikes the hours, loud, distinct, and musically sweet; after striking the hour it strikes the quarters and the minutes, so that in the dark its possessor can know the hour and the minute. Other watches in cases, in various forms of butterflies, etc., the works of which are not larger than a one-cent piece; while in other materials, such as solid silver and plated ware, etc., this house stands unrivaled. Here, as in the manufactory, the master mind is shown in the management of its affairs. Order is the *first law*—without it all would be confusion. All engaged here are imbued with the same spirit that characterizes the members of the firm, and which they rigidly enforce, enabling them to roll on the business, and guard successfully the many interests involved.

Many are the certificates from leading men in this country as to the perfection of the watches bearing the name "United States Watch Company," but the most astonishing one is from the Hon. L. E. Chittenden,

Watch No 1089. bearing Trade
mark Frederic Atherton & Co
Marion N.J. Manufactured
by United States Watch Co.
has been carried by me
from december 1868 to Jan. 17th
1870. its total variation being
only two Seconds in the
entire time.
New York Jan 17th 1870

L. E. Chittenden
Late Register U.S. Treasury

late Register of the United ſtates Treasury, in which he states that "Watch bearing trade-mark Frederick Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J., carried by him from December, 1868, to January 17, 1870, had a total variation of *only two seconds* in the entire time." This is perfection, and is, without doubt, the very acme of mechanical skill, brought to perfection by the energy and patient labor of F. A. Giles, Esq., the worthy President of the United States Watch Company, and the senior member of the house of Giles, Wales, & Co.

This firm is fortunate in having for its controlling head a man so highly competent to preside over its destinies. As a business man, he is possessed of great foresight, ambition, and the most unswerving honesty. What he d.oes is always well done; what he engages in receives his entire attention. His reputation, his life of honest, earnest, successful endeavor, are enough of themselves to assign him the first place in the front rank of American manufacturers. In addition to the many honors already received by this house, we will add that they have just received notice of the award made to them, which was the *first* prize at the Louisiana State Fair, held at New Orleans for the Spring of 1870, *over all competitors*. It is well deserved, and we wish them every and a long-continued success.—[*Com.*]

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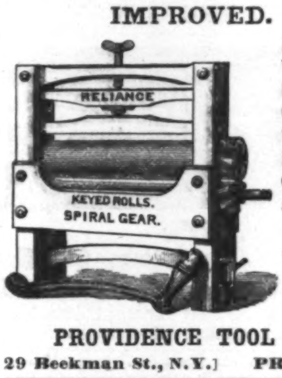

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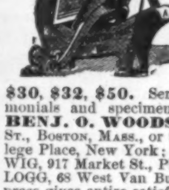

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